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Poetry.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

The sunset is calm on the face of the deep,
And bright is the last look of day in the West,
And broadly the beams of its parting glance sweep,
Like the path that conducts to the land of the blest.
All golden and green is the sea, as it flows,
In billows just heaving its tide to the shore;
And crimson and blue is the sky, as it glows
With the colors which tell us that daylight is o'er.

I sit on a rock that hangs over the wave,
And the foam heaves and tosses its snow wreaths below;
And the flakes gilt with sunbeams, the flowing tide paves,
Like the gems that in gardens of sorcery grow;
I sit on the rock, and I watch the light fade
Still fainter and fainter away in the West,
And I dream I can catch, through the mantle of shade,
A glimpse of the dim, distant land of the blest.

And I long for a home in that land of the soul,
Where hearts, always warm, glow with friendship and love;
And days ever cloudless still cheerily roll,
Like the age of eternity blazing above.
There with friendships unbroken, and loves ever true,
Life flows on, one gay dream of pleasure and rest;
And green is the fresh turf, the sky purely blue,
That mantle and arch o'er the land of the blest.

The last line of light is now crossing the sea,
And the first star is lighting its lamp in the sky;
It seems that a sweet voice is calling to me,
Like a bird on that pathway of brightness to fly;
'Yer over the wave is a green sunny isle,
Where the last cloud of evening now shines in the West;
'Tis the island that Spring ever woos with her smile;
O! seek it—the bright happy land of the blest."

"HAS FATHER BEEN HERE?"

"Please, Mr. Barkeeper, has father been here?"
He's not been at home for the day,
'Tis now almost midnight and mother's in fear
Some accident keeps him away."
"No, no, little stranger,—or, yes, he's been;
Some officers took him away;
He's gone to the lockup. I'm sorry, my dear,
He's done something wicked, they say."

CHORUS:

"Oh! 'twas not my father who did the bad deed,
'Twas drinking that maddened his brain,
Oh! let him go home to dear mother, I plead,
I'm sure he'll not touch it again,
I'm sure, I'm sure, I'm sure,
I'm sure he'll not touch it again."

"Please, Mr. Policeman, my father is lost,
A man says you took him away,
Oh! can't he go home, sir, and what will it cost?
If mother will send you the pay?"
"Oh! no, little pleader, your father can't go;
We put him in prison to-day,
Go home to your mother and quick let her know,
What's keeping your father away!"

"Please, sir, Mr. Jailer, please let me go in!
They say that my father's inside,
I scarcely can tell how unhappy we've been
We could not feel worse had he died.
Please, sir, it was drinking that made him do wrong,
I'm sure, sir, he will drink no more,
Oh! just a few minutes,—a minute's not long,"
But no one would open the door.

All day the young watcher stood fast by the door,
In vain with his father to speak.
It creaked it's great hinges twice ten times or more,
As prison doors only can creak.
Then speeding through darkness to home sad as death,
A promise most solemn he bore,
"Dear mother, I'll shun it as long as I've breath.
I'll touch it and taste it no more!"

Our Story Teller.

RUTH RODNEY'S ROMANCE.

BY FRANCIS FOOTE.

"Ruth!"

A girl with lightly classed mouth, and thoughtful eyes, her whole attitude suggesting happy day dreams, was leaning against the trunk of a dead tree at the foot of an old-fashioned garden.

"Ruth!"

The peevish, impatient voice had at last reached her, and her expression changed to one of love and anxiety.

"Yes, dear, I am coming," she called in her clear young voice, as she ran up the narrow path towards the house.

"How neglectful I am of you!" in a tone of self-rebuke as she entered the little sitting room and gazed tenderly at a man who was seated in a large easy chair before a desk covered with half sheets of paper.

"It was time for your medicine long ago; here is your paper to read, and I have let you write so much and worry your poor brain without trying to stop you. Father, you mustn't let me get into a thinking mood, it spoils me," and she lightly kissed his forehead.

Mr. Rodney drew back from the caress and coughed nervously. The girl stooped and looked directly into his eyes.

"What is it?" she said at length. "You were to have no secrets from me, remember!"

One could tell that these two were father and daughter. They had the same low, broad forehead, the same large gray eyes, thick brown hair; but here the similarity ended, for the man's face was careworn and thin from illness; his eyes and mouth showed the result of dissipation, and his shoulders had a stoop from constant writing.

The girl, on the contrary, was health personified. You could see it in the firm, supple curves of her wrist and waist, in her clear complexion, elastic gait, and frank, sweet eyes.

"What is it, father?" she asked again.

Frank Rodney shifted his gaze unsteadily from one object to another. He found it more difficult than he had imagined to tell this girl, the one creature whom he thought he loved unselfishly, that they had come to the end of everything.

"Where's Tom?" he asked suddenly.

"Still in town, papa, and doing very well." Ruth's voice shook a little, and she turned her head. "Can it be that he has bad news from Tom?" she wondered.

Tom Russell's father and Mr. Rodney were cousins and college chums. When Mr. Russell died he appointed Mr. Rodney guardian of his only son, to whom he left a small fortune. Tom had passed all his vacations at his guardian's house during his collegiate years, and naturally he and Ruth had been much together.

Then he went into business in the western part of the state, lost nearly all his money, and the year before had made them a short visit, before going West to see what ranching would do for him.

It was during this visit that he fell violently in love with Ruth, "just because I'm not worth a penny, and can never tell her of my love," he thought.

For three days he fought manfully with himself but the last evening of his stay with them he asked Ruth to walk down to the old tree. Perhaps something in the beauty of the night, something in Ruth's manner, caused him to forget his resolutions. However that may have been, before he was aware he was telling her of his love and asking if he could not go away happy in the thought that some day when he could claim her she would love him in return. That was all; there was no engagement, but Ruth's answer must have been satisfactory, if one can judge from the long letters which came regularly and the little boyish picture which she wore in the vicinity of her heart.

This was the state of affairs when Mr. Rodney asked so suddenly for news from Tom.

He paid little attention to Ruth's answer, and began to beat a tattoo on the table with his pen.

"It's no use, Ruthie," he said finally, "we are in a tight place. You know we are mortgaged way up; well the interest was due last week; Mr. Marsh came for it and I put him off. He comes again to-morrow and I haven't one hundred dollars ready money."

"Where is the money from your last book?" Ruth's eyes were wide with astonishment and pain.

"That er—well, hem,—it's all gone; how, I can't say." Mr. Rodney blushed under the searching look of his daughter. He knew well how it went.

"Haven't you received it at the publisher's?" she asked again.

"Yes, a short tale or so, but they won't bring in much, and the worst of it is since my sick turn I haven't an idea. I can't write. It's an impossibility. I simply sit here and waste time and paper. That is the hardest blow of all to have my genius desert me, and become an old man at fifty-three." Mr. Rodney dropped his head in his hands and groaned.

Ruth was at his side directly, softly caressing his heavy hair. "Don't, papa," she cried. "Don't. It will be all right. I don't understand it quite, but you have some place in which I am to help. Trust me, dear, and I will do my best. We have each other, and if the old place must go we can live for each other somewhere else."

"Ruth," said her father gently as he placed his arm around her, "wasn't Mr. Marsh in love with you at one time?"

"Why yes, and you used to tease me about my ancient admirer."

"He is only 40," said Mr Rodney, shortly. There was a short pause.

"Did he ever ask you to marry him, Ruth?"

"Certainly; I told you of it at the time, and how he said that possibly in the future I would change my mind."

Mr. Rodney's eyes still rested on a worn spot in the carpet.

"He's a rich man, Ruth," he said sheepishly.

The girl's face flamed, her eyes grew dark, "You wouldn't sell me to him, father?" she asked in a low voice.

The man was immediately on the defensive. "Why will you put things so bluntly?" he said, fretfully. "Of course you will marry whom you choose, but you are in love with no one—and that scamp of a Tom doesn't count." (in answer to a look from Ruth), "and Marsh is by far the best catch here. He would make you a good husband. You would have everything you could desire and know that you were saving me from much trouble and worry. I have lived my life, and am only telling the truth when I say that marriage with the person one loves is not the height of happiness. Your mother and I adored each other, but our very love made our married life wretched. She was suspicious of me and I was often unjust to her. Had it been a matter-of-fact friendship which we had entertained for each other we should have done very well. This love is a delusion and a snare."

The girl rose to her full height. "I hate your cynical ideas, your cruel skepticisms; you are not yourself when you sneer at the highest thing in our natures. My mother loved you, but she had no trust in you. That was the bottom of it all. The man who wins my love will, as a natural consequence, learn to trust confidence. It couldn't be otherwise. You have lived your life, and this is the result. Let me live mine, and I will ask for nothing more."

Mr. Rodney's lips curled. "You are dramatic. Quite right; you will do for a character in my next novel. For the villain we will have an unjust father, who shares his daughter against all which has made his own life unhappy."

His whole manner changed suddenly. Sarcasm never appealed to Ruth. She was too much like himself.

"Forgive me, dear; I am nervous and sick and your words hurt me. Do not think again of marrying Mr. Marsh if it is so distasteful to you, and there perhaps by this time he has changed his mind. But we must get through some way, for to-morrow the money is due. This is the only plan: could you go to him, forget your pride, and beg for a little more time? He would not oblige me."

The girl's face became hard and set. "You think if I asked him his old love for me would encounter his fondness for money and he would yield?"

"Your conclusion is quite what it should be. I really think, Ruth, that a six month's trip abroad would make a new man of me; and you'll see Marsh to-morrow?"

"I don't know," she said abruptly, as she left the room.

"I can not do it," she cried as she hastened toward the old tree. "Beg from the man whose love I have refused? and yet it is for father, and I am all he has. My pride against his happiness! O, Tom, dear, why did you leave me? It is more than I can bear." She flung herself face downward at the foot of the tree and sobbed.

The sun set; the lamps had been lighted and Ruth did not return.

Mr. Rodney smiled calmly as he rolled his chair toward the grate.

"Fighting it out with herself," he said, "as she always has from her childhood, and I am not afraid of her conclusion, for my words have more effect upon her than she realized. And really I am not selfish. Tom will not amount to anything for a number of years, and I want to see her happy before I die. This love is an infernal nuisance." And yet as he thought he knew deep in his heart that had he his life to live over, Ruth's mother would still have been his first choice.

The door opened quietly and in a moment two hands were placed caressingly on his shoulders, and a sweet voice said, "Tea is ready father, and I have a surprise in the shape of the most delicious waffles you ever ate. After tea we will finish that novel; there are only a few more chapters."

Mr. Rodney glanced at his daughter and knew that the house was safe. He was not sure in regard to her plan, whether she would accept Mr. Marsh or gain a reprieve because of his love. It made little difference to him any way. Of course the marriage would be preferable, as the latter course would only ward off events for a time; still he had put the case plainly before her and would trust in her.

"She shall never be able to say that I urged her into a marriage with a man for whom she had no love," he thought. "I have merely hinted at what I imagined would be for her best interests."

By a tacit understanding nothing more was said, and when Ruth came in the next morning dressed in her dainty walking suit to kiss her father good-by, he asked no questions as was his custom concerning her destination.

His only remark as she left him was, "You are prettier than ever to-day, dear, and I wish you good luck."

As Ruth reached the stairs leading to Mr. Marsh's office her heart beat violently and the color left her face.

To what was she going? What would happen before she could again walk up the long, shady street with that mortgage lifted from her father's shoulders? Her plan had been simple; she would ask Mr. Marsh if he could let the interest run a little longer, and if he agreed and then was cowardly enough to ask for her love as a reward, why, she would promise to marry him.

Her own life would be ruined, but her father would be happy, and he should always be first.

Mr. Marsh was sitting in his office alone, gazing into vacancy.

He was a stout, well-meaning man of 40, with firmness and determination written upon every line of his face; keen and hard in business transactions, but scrupulously honest; punctual in his payments, and as punctual in demanding his dues. He said once to a friend: "I am under obligations to no man, and I wish no man to be under obligations to me. I live up to that, for it is the only way to establish an equality."

He had never married, because he thought that no one woman was worth a life's devotion; and he was so just, that if he did marry, no woman but his wife should ever come into his life.

These were his ideas when he first noticed that Ruth Rodney had changed from a remarkably pretty school girl into a graceful, beautiful woman.

This was two years before the story opens.

He made a great exertion one evening to talk with her, and found her not only clever, but original.

She interested him, and he had reached the age where he liked to be entertained.

By degrees almost unconsciously he came to the conclusion that she was the one thing needful to make his life a success.

It upset his theories, but what of that? He asked her to marry him and she refused.

He had lived so to himself, and for himself, that such an idea had never entered his mind. He had bowed himself out from her presence, not a line in his face disturbed, and had made a firm resolution that in some way she should be his. By what means time only would tell.

Now as he sat in his office he was thinking that Mr. Rodney's interest was due, "and it must be paid to-day," he said, "or the house is mine. Rather unromantic, to turn one's love out of her home, but she could come to me at any time, and that might hasten her."

He heard a slight tap at the door.

"Come in," he said, lazily turning his head.

"Ah, Miss Rodney," his voice free from all surprise which he may have felt, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. This seat by the window will suit you, I am sure."

Ruth's cheeks grew pink.

"Thank you, Mr. Marsh," she said in a low voice, "but my errand is unpleasant, and I prefer to stand. I have come to beg." Mr. Marsh raised one eyebrow and looked at his large, well-kept hands. Ruth glanced at him desperately.

"You know my father depends on his writing, and his sickness has put him back so that he has little ready money just now. That interest on the mortgage is due to-day and I have come to ask if you would wait a few months as a great favor. It shall surely be paid and—"

"So your father said two months ago," interrupted Marsh, with a bland smile. Ruth's eyes flashed, "I thought as a favor you would."

"Excuse me," said Marsh, "but may I ask what favors you have ever done for me? This is a business transaction, and you know my rule is that, as I pay my creditors, so must my debtors pay me. Now there is only one way out of this decidedly unpleasant situation for me to be true to myself and at the same time benefit you. That way is to make it into an unbusiness transaction. How can we do it? Why, the easiest way in the world. You marry me and the mortgage shall be your wedding present."

Marsh stood opposite the girl and calmly waited for her reply; only by the faint twitching of his under lip could you see that he was the least excited.

Ruth's breath came rapidly, her hands clasped each other convulsively. Had he seen her eyes then he would have given her up forever even if his nature had been more cruel, but he was looking at a tiny rip in his coat.

"I have no love for you," the girl almost whispered the words.

"I do not remember mentioning love," he said; "I am content with you now; later—"

"There will never be anything later," she replied; "as I am now, if you wish me why—" She could not finish, but he was satisfied. His blue eyes grew dark with successful pride and passion. He took her gloved hand tenderly; a feeling of remorse came over him that he had gained her by unfair means, but he stifled it and said quietly, "You shall never regret your decision, for it must be in my power to make you happy; I have wanted you so long."

Something in his words which were the most manly she had ever heard from him touched a new chord in her nature and she burst into tears. He stood awkwardly by and said nothing, which was the very best thing he could have done.

In a few moments she looked up. "My nerves are so unstrung and it is all so new you will forgive me and let me go now. When I have thought it all over calmly it will be different."

She turned toward the door, he opened it for her and said, "I understand a little. To-morrow I will come up; now you would rather go alone."

He watched the swelling lines of her figure until she had reached the last stair then he returned to his old seat and stared thoughtfully into vacancy as before.

Upon reaching home Ruth found Mr. Rodney negligently twisting a crumpled envelope.

"Father, I am engaged to Mr. Marsh."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that is good news indeed, and it never rains but it pours; here is a telegram from Tom that he will be with us this afternoon. Why, Ruth, child, you don't look like that! you are not faint?" for the girl had staggered slightly and her face was ashy.

"Do not touch me," she cried recovering herself by a strong effort of will. "I am not ill, it is the warm room; so Tom is coming. I will lie down, I think, to be fresh and bright. Tom is coming and I—I am engaged."

She had dragged herself half way up the stairs when she remembered something.

"Father, dear," she called, "don't worry about me, and the mortgage is to be my wedding present."

At eight o'clock that same evening Mr. Marsh came to the conclusion that sufficient time had elapsed for Ruth to grow calm, and he would accordingly make his call then instead of waiting until the following day. If Ruth did not care to see him he could talk matters over with her father. "She doesn't love me," he thought as he neared the house, "but she cares for no one else, and my life shall be devoted to her." Love had certainly aroused in John Marsh the susceptible and better nature which before now had been buried too deep to assert itself.

His heart actually leaped in his throat like a bashful boy's as he reached the stoop, and a sensation of awkwardness and fear came over him. "This will never do," he thought, "I must walk down the path to calm myself."

As he approached the end of the garden he heard voices, then he saw the faint outline of two figures, a man and a woman standing facing each other, very near and not yet touching.

Surely that was Ruth's voice, no one else had such low clear tones.

He drew steadily near and crouched behind a bush. A feeling of dread crept over him. Had she a lover? He must hear and see all.

The two people beyond him gazed at each other without a word. At last the girl spoke again in a low despairing voice. "Tom, I have tried to make you think my love for you has changed in one short year, but you know better, for you know me."

"My darling," cried the young man as he flung his arms about her. She yielded to his embrace for a moment, then pushed him from her with all her strength.

"If you care for me," she said, "do not touch me, it only makes it harder for me, for Tom," she continued, "although I love you, I am bound to him, and as I have given my word to be his wife, I will be true to him, with God's help."

She leaned against a tree as if needing its support.

"But you were mine before you were his," cried Tom impetuously, "and I am doing so well now that in six months we could be married, and—"

"You don't understand, Tom," she interrupted, "it is for father; I am all he has, and he depends on me. He is not well, and if he were obliged to give up his home it would kill him. Tom, I love you, but don't you see I must save father even if the price is myself?"

"You idea of duty is unnatural and morbid, and you do not love me as you pretended. It is this man's money which has won you, and woman-like, you throw it on to some one else's shoulders."

Tom's voice was deep and angry as he stood with folded arms.

Ruth neither spoke nor moved in answer to his accusation.

Tom turned and walked a few steps towards the house. In a moment, however, he was at Ruth's side.

"Forgive me, love," he whispered; "I was a brute for the moment; you are all that is sweet and good, and I am not worthy of you."

He was gone, and Marsh from behind his bush saw Ruth clasp the tree with both arms, and heard her murmur, "It is all over! God help me to be a good woman and keep me from hating the man who has taken my love from me."

Mr. Marsh tiptoed softly out of the garden without a glance at the stoop on which he had stood and been for an hour before. When he had reached his own room he sat down to think. For two hours he scarcely moved, and his face was as impassive as his figure.

At the end of that time he wrote this little note:

"MY DEAR MISS RODNEY:—I have come to the conclusion that I have lived too long a bachelor to impose myself and my whims upon a bright young girl. I promise you the mortgage, however for a wedding present, and here it is in advance. I understand that young Mr. Russell is with you, and I hear also that he loves you. I knew his father very well, and if his son resembles him he is worthy of your love. If at any time I can be of any service to you, command me.

"Yours, very truly,

"JOHN E. MARSH."

After he had sealed the note he gave a long sigh. "Marsh," he muttered, "if love can change you and your ideas like this, it must be a mighty power in the world."—*Boston Traveller.*

A Straight Tip for Mr. Curtis.

"Daniel."

"Yes, sire."

"The press is making a great fuss over Higgins and that Baltimore business."

"It is, sire; in fact it is indulging in ghoulish glee and noisy enthusiasm to a large extent."

"No levity, Daniel. What I wanted to say was that the press does not appear to know that civil-service reform is out of season when a second term boom is being cultivated."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

He Knew His Business.

Sick Man—"Am I to take all of that medicine?"

Wife—"Yes; all of it."

Sick Man—"There's enough in that bottle to kill a mule."

Wife—"No, there isn't, John, or the doctor wouldn't have prescribed it."—*Puck.*

Humor.

THE LAWN MOWER.

A Short Story of the Sharp Ways of the Massachusetts Deacons.

"I tell you what," said a suburban friend of the "Listener," as the street car conductor came around bearing a particularly big and imposing bell punch, "there is a deacon in our church that ought to be made to carry one of those things when he makes his collections, if ever anybody ought to be made to wear one."

"Why? What has the deacon done?"

"I'll tell you the whole story, and when I've done, I want to know whether, if it had happened to you, it wouldn't have destroyed your confidence in somebody. You see, I live next door to Deacon Sharpley, and my yard is separated from his just by a high picket fence. I was whacking away on the grass on my little lawn the other night with a grass hook; I was just finishing the job, and wondering whether I should ever be rich enough to swell out with a lawn mower, when the deacon came out and leaned over the fence. 'See here,' said he, 'you're getting quite a lawn here and so am I. We don't either of us have quite enough business for a lawn mower, but together we might have. Say we go snucks on one?' I told him I thought it was a good idea, and would go in with him on a machine. He said he would manage the purchase, and would tell me how much half the cost was. So I let him go on and buy the lawn mower, and he brought a receipted bill of $12.50 in his own name. I gave him the $6.25, and left the machine and the receipt in his hands.

"About two weeks after that—I'd seen the deacon shoving the lawn mower around in his yard in great style in the meantime—I thought my grass had got up enough to warrant cutting, and I went over to the deacon's to get the machine. The deacon was out, they said, but the lawn mower was down at Mr. Smith's. I thought it was a little queer that the deacon had lent our machine, but I went down to Smith's and got it. I thought they looked a little cross when I took it, but I took it all the same, and mowed my lawn. Next night the deacon came and got it again, and mowed away a while in his back yard. A few days after that I thought it was about time to mow once more, and went over to the deacon's after the machine. No machine anywhere where around. I asked at the back door—

"'Where's the lawn mower?'

"'Mr. Smith came and got it a little while ago,' said the deacon's daughter.

"'Mr. Smith! What business had he with our machine? I didn't ask, but I trotted down to Smith's. I found Smith very complacently oiling the lawn mower, and apparently getting it ready for action.

"'Well, just come over after that lawn mower; but as you seem to be getting ready to use it, I suppose I can wait.'

"'Hum,' said he, 'I guess the deacon and I keep it pretty busy.'

"'So it seems,' says I, kind of sarcastically.

"'Well, we have to get our money's worth out of it, you know,' says he.

"That struck me as a mighty queer remark, and I couldn't help saying, 'I should think you'd want to get one yourself.'

"'Well,' says he, looking up a little surprised, 'I own half of this one.'

"'You—you own half of this?' says I, astonished.

"'Why, certainly,' said he; 'Deacon Sharpley and I bought this lawn mower together.'

"I tell you that took me completely down. The deacon had deliberately played us off, one against the other, and had got me to pay for one-half the machine, and Smith the other, calculating to get the use of it to mow all his own grass for nothing! If he ever was as cautious as he was sharp, and kept the machine in his own barn, or else insisted on going after it himself, I suppose he might have kept agoing that way. But since we've found it out, Smith and I get along first rate, but the deacon has to hire an Irishman to mow his grass with a scythe.

"And that's the reason why I think the deacon ought to carry a bell pnuch when he takes up a collection. Don't you think it would be a good scheme?"—*Listener in Boston Transcript.*

The Female Police Officer.

When female policemen are appointed it is probable that incidents like the following imaginary one will not be uncommon:

Female officer—"Come, my man, move on."

Tipsy individual (raising his hat with instinctive gallantry)—"Yesh'm."

F. O.—"How did you happen to get so tipsy? Have you a wife and children?"

T. I.—"Yesh'm, gesher can."

F. O.—"Dear me, dear me, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Do you think you can find your way home?"

T. I.—"Yesh'm, gesher can." (Moves off.)

F. O.—"There, there, how you are staggering! I'm afraid you'll never be able to get home. Which direction do you take?"

T. I.—"Go home."

F. O.—"Which way do you go?"

T. I.—"Southern ear."

F. O.—"Let me take your arm till you reach a car. (Takes his arm and leads him along.) Well, I declare, how tipsy you are. Try and keep yourself up. There! I thought you would do it. My back hair is all coming down. Here, hold my club till I put up my hair. I never saw a man so stupid. There! you've dropped my club. I wonder what your poor wife and children will say when they see you——"

T. I.—"Herzer car. Whoop! Ho! c'nuctor, stop er."

Conductor—"We do not stop for drunken men till the last car."

T. I. (beginning to weep)—"I'm in a nice plight. Whatever in the world can I do with him?"

Sympathetic spectators—"Take him to the station."

F. I.—But think of his poor wife and children. I think I'll hire a hordic and send him home. Do you know where you live?"

T. I.—"I.—Live tome. Git there, too. No fears for me. Mush oblizher fur yer kindness. Goo' ni', m'm. Fin' m'way home fusrate."

He eventually gets on board of a car, and the kind-hearted officer is much relieved.

A Baby Catching Horses.

An eccentric friend of mine tells me that infants are animals much more mysterious and "capable" than is generally supposed. There is, he declares, a great deal of magnetism or fascinating power in a baby, to which all dumb animals are very susceptible. He is personally acquainted with one infant in continual use by its male parent as a kind of a horse-tamer. Whenever the father desires to catch a particular Houyhnhym, which becomes very wild when let loose in the pasture, the baby in his carriage is brought out, and his four-footed friend comes up, pokes his nose in the baby's lap, and is quietly secured. This infant is thus able to do with ease the work that six men struggling an hour have often failed to accomplish. The principle might be extended, my friend thinks, to wild animals. Another use for which he designs the baby of the future, is that of an adjunct to insane asylums. Madmen, he argues, are easily and powerfully affected by their surroundings. Red walls, for example, are a cure for melancholia, and blue colors subdue the violent. "What is more soothing or engrossing," this theorizer inquires, "than the presence of a healthy, lolly baby?" I need not add that he is a bachelor.

Grove and Dan.

"Daniel, I wish you would take this thing and put it away somewhere; I have been carrying it around in my coat-tail pocket until it is about worn out."

"Been sitting down on it?" observed Daniel gleefully; "but what is it, sire?"

"It is that, that—why, what was it that Congress passed and turned over to me to keep until called for?"

"Oh, the retaliation act. Yes, some folks have been inquiring about it lately."

"Have they? Daniel, I believe I'll have it framed and hung up in the postoffice where everybody can see it. I don't want to be bothered with it any longer. There, that disposes of that. Now, Daniel, show me the route we are to take out west. I want to commit to memory the names of all the places we are to visit."—*Detroit Tribune.*

In the Rural Districts.

City visitor (with family)—"Bub, which is the nearest way to Jobbleson's?"

Boy (sent ahead by farmer)—"Jist up that road. If yez be friends of his, ye'd better hurry up. He's just fell down and broke his leg, his wife is sick with the scarlet fever, the big boy is down with the measles, the sister is crazy as a loon, the baby is dying, the horse has run away, the dog's mad, and a sheriff is waiting to gobble up the furniture. Ye'd better hurry if ye be friends of his."

They do hurry—back to the station.—*Tid Bits.*

HOW A BOY HOLDS A HORSE.

A Pen Picture That Recalls the Sunny Days of Youth.

The other day Willie Green was left by his father to hold his horse for a few minutes, which was attached to a carriage in front of the Green family residence. If you have never watched a small boy hold a horse you have missed a good deal.

Willie began by taking the strap in both hands, planting himself firmly in front of the animal and gazing into his face with a determined, defiant look. He was somewhat surprised that the horse remained perfectly still and evidently had no intention of making the violent plunges for freedom which he had expected. Just then another boy came along.

"Hello, Skinny!" said Willie.

"Hello, Bill!" replied Skinny.

"I'm holdin' this horse."

"Think I can't see nothin'?"

"I'bet he can't get away while I got holt of him, either!"

"Does he bite?"

"Naw!"

"Kick?"

"Nope. Only once he did kick—kicked pa out through the barn door. But I guess pa didn't know how to handle him. He never kicked at me."

"Course not. You orter see my dad handle a hoss!"

"Oh, cracky! Bet your dad don't know half's much 'bout horses as mine. This horse 'u'd kick the daylights out o' your dad in less'n a secon'."

"Wouldn't either!"

"Would too!"

"Say, why don't you hold that hoss, if yer tryin' to?"

"Ain't I?"

"Naw, y' ain't! A baby could hold a hoss when he wa'n't doin' nothin'. Bet y' das'n't tickle his for'ard legs with a straw."

"Bet I da'st!"

"Coward!"

"There I done it!"

Then Willie reached out and again carefully moved a straw up and down the horse's legs, looking up occasionally and noting with pleasure that the horse was beginning to move his ears and act uneasy.

"Whoa, Can'n!" said Willie.

"You want to jerk him when he acks that way," explained Skinny.

Willie accordingly jerked the strap and continued to tickle him with the straw to get him accustomed to it. Then Skinny came closer and began punching him in the ribs with his finger. The horse shook his head.

"Whoa, you old fool!" commanded Skinny, "you'll find I ain't no boy!"

"Take that!" said Willie as he gave the strap another jerk to show that he was no boy either.

"Say, Bill, he's use to yer ticklin' his fore legs—try it on his hind ones."

"You!"

"Coward!"

"I ain't, either—there!" and Willie got back the length of the strap, and in front of the forward carriage wheel, and began the tickling operation on the legs indicated. The horse switched his tail and started up.

"Whoa!" yelled both the boys and Willie jerked on the strap and got his back against the wheel. The horse stopped, but acted uneasy about it.

"That hose'll run from you yet; tell you what, Bill, the way to hold a hoss is to tie the strap 'round your wrist and then he can't get 'way!"

So the strap was securely tied around Willie's wrist. Then Skinny took the whip out of the carriage and stood on the sidewalk and began cracking it.

"Keep a ticklin' his legs, Bill!" directed Skinny, "we'll get the old foot used to 'citement."

The horse started up several times and came near dragging Willie with him, but gradually became accustomed to the boys and quieted down somewhat.

"Tell you what, Skinny, he's gittin' used to it."

"Course. Best thing in the world for a hoss. Say, ju know what's the matter?"

"Nope."

"If the hold-back strap should break some time when he's going down hill an' the buggy run onto him he might get scart an' kill somebody."

"What you goin' to do?"

"We orter train him so he won't be scart when the straps do break."

"Less do it!"

"All right, you take this stick an' rattle it all 'round his legs an' on the whiffletrees an' everywhere an' I'll stand with the whip an' if he tries to run I'll hit him a couple o' cracks that'll make him glad to stop."

Skinny handed him a piece of board four or five feet long and was picking up the whip again when he noticed a difficulty.

"Say, Bill, you can't handle that board right with one hand."

"No;—you tie the strap to your hand."

"I know a better way'n that—tie it 'round your neck, then I can have both hands to swing the whip if he should start."

"Yes, that's business."

"Course—trainin' this hoss is goin' to save somebody's life."

The end of the strap was tied around Willie's neck with a knot that would slip easily. Then he got up close and began to pound the horse's legs with the board, and make a great noise with it on the thills of the carriage, and Skinny stood on the sidewalk and yelled "whoa!" The horse couldn't stand it any longer and started. The "couple o' cracks" that Skinny gave him with the whip caused him to put in a few extra jumps. Willie was still holding on—by his neck, a good, safe way to hold a horse, but tiresome. Willie's father came out and yelled for somebody to stop the horse. His mother also appeared and screamed. The horse went about half a block when a man who was driving an express wagon got off and stopped him. Willie was released, very black in the face, Skinny was disappearing around the corner at about the same gait the horse started off.

"What in the world were you trying to do?" said Willie's father.

"I—I—w-w-wa'n't doin' nothin' but jes' holdin' him an' the old fool begun to run away!"

"What did you have the strap tied around your neck for?"

"It—it got so heavy I got tired holdin' it an' tied it 'round my neck to rest my arms!"—*Dakota Bell.*

Took the Wrong Train.

American Medium—Are you a modern spirit?

Spirit—I fell in the Revolution; so did my six sons.

A. M.—Whom do you wish to see?

S.—I left daughters, and my sons left children. I wish to find out about their descendants. We died that our children might enjoy the glorious heritage of freedom; and I want to know if they are happy.

A. M.—It would be very difficult for me to find them. In order to get at the records, I would have to go to Mayor O'Hooligan and get an order on Recorder O'Shaughnessy, and have Councilmen Mulligan, and McCafferty, and O'Donegan, and O'Farrell, Shower, and McCallahan, and McMorarity, and—

S.—There seems to be some mistake. The country I am looking for used to be called the United States—the country discovered by Columbus, you know.

A. M.—Ah! I see. You will find the United States of Colombia several thousand miles further south.—*Puck.*

Be Careful of Your Jokes.

"There goes a man who is making a bigger per cent. on his capital invested than any other man in Buffalo," said one of those intolerable fellows who are always showing how much they know about things which they know nothing about. He pointed to a well-known undertaker who was coming down the street. As the latter approached, the speaker accosted him. "Well, how many jobs to-day? Making hay while the sun shines, I suppose." "I am not attending to business to-day," replied the pale-faced man very gravely. "My youngest child died last night."—*Buffalo Express.*

Preparing for St. Louis.

The President—"Daniel, I wish you would go out and buy me a Waterbury watch; get one for about two dollars."

Daniel—"Yes, sire."

"And, by the way, take my watch with you and deposit it in my box in the bank vault."

"Yes, sire. Is that all?"

"That's all, except on your way back you might drop into the railroad office and ask what time the train starts for Missouri."

How Can These Things Be?

Isn't it strange that a rooster should crow, and a crow should hawk, and a hawk should fly, and a fly should flee?

Miscellany.

ONLY A CHORUS GIRL,

But all the People Watched Her with Interest.

At Asbury Park, where they bathe by the 10,000, a New York *Herald* observer makes this sketch: "The beach during the morning is always a bright place and from the pier much amusement can be had by watching the bathers. A tall, slight, willowy looking girl, with perfectly moulded limbs, stood yesterday morning on the sand. Her face, so bright and shining with happiness and health, is a familiar one to many who very possibly cannot place it. She is a chorus girl who has been often seen and heard in comic opera and is now stopping with her mother at a small cottage for the season.

"To describe her bathing suit is to give a fair idea of the costumes worn by the young women who have some confidence in their figures, for bathing suits vary very much in accordance with the personal charms of their wearers. She wore scarlet stockings, blue flannel trousers falling just to the bend in the knee and a tight-fitting bodice of blue flannel, showing the outlines of her pretty buss and back, with the shortest, most frolicsome little skirt one can see in a long day's journey. Her little waist was encircled by a red sash coiled and twisted by a rope. On her head she wore a red handkerchief tied in a knot behind, while a bit of oilskin revealing her hair was protected from the water's entangling power.

"She was a lovely picture, dancing so blithely on the gleaming sands among a troop of elderly matrons with baggy breeches modestly caught about thick ankles, over which long skirts hung. Her friends, young girls, ran with her hand in hand laughingly along the beach, approaching the water to scamper away as the waves wet them. Then with a push, a rush, and silvery screams the trio threw themselves into the water like frolicsome nymphs. One went down before a wave, another turned her back as the breaker combed over her, but the slender chorus girl stood erect as the waters swirled down to join the breaker, then advanced quickly to meet it. Her motion was grace itself. Quickly she stepped a little to one side to avoid her friend, then the white arms shot up into the air, the graceful body bent forward slightly, and just as the large breaker with foaming crest was apparently about to break her down she shot and vanished in the roller, her feet close together, looking like a red speck for an instant. Gone! The breaker beat the shore, and a second and a third wave followed. Had something happened to her? No. "There she is," some one says.

And "there" she was indeed. Far out from the place she vanished the saucy red handkerchief bobbed up as with strong strokes the chorus girl swam out. At last she turned and swam back, the white arms alternately being lifted from the water as with a measured and leisurely overhand stroke she returned. Just outside the breakers her friends joined her. They lay on their backs, trod water and then in single file, following the coast, turned completely over like a school of porpoises. After many antics they came in riding the crests of the sea and stood wringing the sandy little skirts, which were wickedly inclined to be clinging.

"Are you not tired?" asked your correspondent.

"Tired?" said she, opening her big blue eyes, "tired?" she replied mockingly, laughing heartily all the while. "What an idea! Why, this is fun, man—this is not a poky walk and then a long run fake; this is just heaven!"

How different this girl from the steady old parties, ankle deep, clutching the rope for fear of being drowned! How funny they looked scooping up water in their hands to wet the upper section of their dress! What laughter, what fun beyond! Strong men bathing fair women and ducking them, the brutes! And children with bare legs and little girls holding up their clothes and wading in so deep that the waves wet them and their nurses on the beach scold them. Oh, the bathing beach is the feature, the one great splendid attraction of the place!

LIGHTED A MATCH

And Gave Away the Woman Who Was "Mashed" on Him.

The true story I am going to tell I wish could be read by a thousand women who to day are perilling their safety and happiness for the sake of men who hold them as lightly in esteem as they do the smoke of their cigars. A popular actor had a lady friend to whom he turned over the bulk of his rapturous letters. One day she was reading a scented note that had a monogram carefully worked over at its head. There was an address to which an answer could be sent, and the lady gave it back to the actor, saying that was perhaps worth answering.

Not a week afterward he told his friend that he had seen his inamorata and she was the wife of a well known club man. "That's impossible," said she, "some one is personating that lady and doing her an awful wrong. You do not know New York ladies very well if you can be deceived." "I tell you that it is Mrs. ——," he insisted. "I have been to her house to supper, she entertained me right royally the other evening, and to night I am going to take her to the Casino in the park as a sort of return feast." "I cannot believe Mrs. ——, with a handsome husband, with a happy home, with little children about her knee to keep her feet from straying, would risk all this for—nothing, worse than —nothing," said the dissenting friend. "I'll tell you how I'll prove it to you," cried the actor. "I am to meet her at 11 in Seventeenth street, near Fifth avenue. She will send for a carriage and be waiting for it for me. You take a coupe there and you shall go with me. It will go hard but I shall show you her face. Then my cab will take you home."

The desire to discomfit her over-sure friend, and perhaps female curiosity, again led to an acceptance of this invitation. The lady occupied a box at the theater and left it when Mr. —— appeared to fetch her. The pair whizzed into Seventeenth street and pulled up close behind a coach that was drawn up in the shadiest part of the street. Evidently its occupant was on the alert, for a hand fluttered out of the vehicle as the actor stood beside it. He opened the door, but as he was about to step up the panel pretended that he dropped something, struck a match, and groped about between the wheels.

The betrayed woman in the car

Recent Literature.

A neat little volume entitled "The Pleasures of Life" comes from Macmillan & Co. New York, of which the author is one well known and prized by American readers, Sir John Lubbock. It is made up of essays upon such subjects as the following: "The Duty of Happiness;" "The Happiness of Duty;" "A Song of Books;" "The Choice of Books;" "The Blessings of Friends;" "The Value of Time," "The Pleasures of Travel," etc.

"Beecher as a Humorist" is the title of a small and attractive volume issued by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. It was compiled from the great preacher's published works by Eleanor Kirk, who was also the editor of "The Beecher Book of Days," "Beecher Calendar," etc. It is not necessary to commend this volume to the public, further than to say that the selections have been well made, and speak of that spontaneous humor which made Mr. Beecher's sermons and writings so pleasing and wholesome. There is a world of wisdom too in these mirth provoking utterances.

"Mrs. Shillaber's Cook Book: A Practical Guide for Housekeepers," by Lydia Shillaber, is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. An attractive thing to start with is an introduction by Mrs. Partington who expresses her opinion of the present volume. The recipes that follow are mostly for plain, every day cooking. One of the best features is the list of ingredients that precede most of them, by which the housekeeper can tell at a glance whether she has all that she needs for the manufacture of the article. The book is in clear type of good size—another excellence that will not fail to be appreciated. It is also tastefully bound.

The second annual number of "Poor's Directory of Railroad Officials" has been issued as a supplement to the Railroad Manual. It contains the names of the officers of all the railways in North America and of the leading organizations auxiliary to the railway system. It is also a list of officers of South American and British railways, etc. It is a very valuable book of reference as is easily understood, particularly to those in any way connected with railroads. 70 Wall street, New York city.

"In the Golden Days" is a novel by Edna Lyall, author of "Donovan," "We Two," "Won by Waiting," etc., and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. It is a story of the old English times, when the country was rife with rebellion against King Charles the Second for his Popish propensities, and the storm was brewing that afterwards brought many good men into trouble. The heroine is a beautiful girl, one of the six daughters of a gentleman with strong Republican tendencies. The hero is a brave lad, who had been looked on as a quiet dreamer, but who showed himself to possess a courage and fortitude that belong to few men. The story is full of interest, recalling the old historic times.

"After School Days," is a story for girls, by Christina Goodwin, and published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston. The opening pages are descriptive of life at a country boarding school. In the first chapter the principal characters of the story are introduced in a group at the close of the school term, and their conversation gives a clue to their different characters and aspirations. Later chapters develop their different courses of life as shaped by circumstances and inclination. There is a strong moral element in it which sets upon the readers unconsciously to themselves, and renders it a healthy book to put into the hands of young people.

"The Princess Ronbine," a Russian love story, by Henry Greville, author of "Dosia," just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is one of the most delicious and captivating novels of the day. Nadia, the heroine, is a wealthy Russian princess, and Kerzol's courtship is a delightful episode that no one can ever forget, and the subsequent career of the married pair, with the unparalleled heroism, sacrifice and love involved, will touch every heart to its inmost recesses. Volodia and Martha are charming characters, fully worthy of the fascinating novel. The action takes place chiefly in St. Petersburg, a city in which Madame Greville is thoroughly at home, though there are fascinating glimpses of Paris, the Neva, and of Russian country life. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents.

From the Appletons also come, in paper covers, the following: "A Terrible Legacy," which is a tale of the South Downs in England, by G. W. Appleton, author of "Frozen Hearts;" etc., "Red Spider," by S. Baring-Gould, author of "Little Tu'-penny," "Gabriel Andre," etc; "The Bag of Diamonds," by George Manville Fenn, author of "Double Mining," "Master of Ceremonies," etc.; and "Miss Gascoigne," by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, author of "A Struggle for Fame" etc. The first two are sold for 50 cents each; the last two for 25 cents each.

Literary Notes.

John Swinton's Paper, which for four years has been carried on at a loss, has suspended publication.

Joel Chandler Harris's new serial story, "Azalia," illustrated by Kemble, begins in the Midsummer *Century*.

Frank G. Carpenter will contribute to *Lippincott's* for September "John Wilkes Booth: A Talk with the Man Who Captured Him."

Mrs. Arthur Brookfield is going to bring out an edition of Æsop's Fables, which will be illustrated by Miss A. Thackeray, daughter of Col. Thackeray.

Mr. William Black's forthcoming book, "The Strange Adventures of a Canal-boat," is said to follow in plan his "Strange Adventures of a Phæton."

"John Strange Winter" has added another to her list of "Mignon" stories. This is called "Mignon's Husband," and it has just opened in *Harper's Bazar*.

Among D. Lothrop Co.'s announcements for immediate publication are "The Russian Novelists," by M. E. M. DeVogue, translated by Mrs. Edmands.

Joseph Kirkland, the Chicago lawyer who wrote "Zury," is at work on a new novel to be called "Phil, Anne's Son." It will be allied to the earlier story, not as a sequel, but rather as an episode.

Prince Jerome Napoleon is reported to be about to publish a book entitled "Napoleon the First, and his Detractors," which will be a complete exposition of Napoleonic ideas. It will be published by Calman Levy.

There are a great many people who will be glad to hear that Mrs. Walford, the author of "Mr. Smith" and "Cousins," has nearly finished a new serial story which will be begun in the October number of *Blackwood*.

Mrs. Sidney Rosenfeldt, who was formerly known on the stage as Genie Holtmeyer, will contribute to *Lippincott's* for September an amusing bit of autobiography entitled "How an English Girl Sought to Make a Living."

Lew Vanderpoole, author of "Ruhainah," "Eobatana," and other novels, will contribute the comple novel to *Lippincott's Monthly* magazine for September. It is entitled "The Red Mountain Mines," and is a vigorous sketch of life in California.

The first edition of Gen. John C. Fremont's "Memoirs" has been exhausted and in the late autumn the second and final volume of the work will appear. The volume will consist of 600 pages and include 100 illustrations. It will contain the story of Gen. Fremont's memorable campaign of 1856, and the events in the author's life down to the present date.

Miss Braddon is writing a Jubilee novel. She keeps all her mss. and has them bound in red. She has recently engaged herself to write exclusively during the next three years for Long & Co., of Sheffield, England. In January next a story by her, designed ultimately for publication in three-volume form, will be issued in various English newspapers under the title of "The Fatal Three."

Mrs. Candace Wheeler, who established the "New York Society of Decorative Art," and "The Woman's Exchange," and who, with her daughter, Miss Dora Wheeler, is at the head of "The Associated Artists," whose embroidery, tapestries, decorative art work and textile fabrics are famous, is told of in the "Successful Woman's Series" in the August *Wide Awake*. Portraits are given of both Mrs. Wheeler and her daughter.

Dr. Alice B. Stockham, No. 159 LaSalle street, Chicago, has for days had a force of clerks searching libraries and catalogues for addresses of women authors. She represents the literary department of the woman's exhibit to be held in Chicago in September, and desires that literature should take the preference of the tidy and crazy quilt. Women authors who have not been applied to personally will confer a great favor by sending directly to the Doctor specimens of books, magazines, and pamphlets for exhibit.

Mrs. Mary E. Barr, who is coming into notice through her Scotch dialect stories, began to write when she was 24. She lost her husband, who was military governor of Texas, and seven children, all within 24 hours, from yellow fever, and found herself with four little ones, and only 50 cents in her pocketbook. She came to New York and became a governess in the family of one of A. T. Stewart's partners. Her first tale was written to gratify the whim of her employer. It was promptly accepted by the publisher, and since then she has gone on writing with growing success.

NO MORE PETTICOATS.

A Woman Who is Determined Her Sex Shall Wear Breeches.

Dress is the title of an attractive little magazine, a new venture published at New York, and conducted by Annie Jenness Miller. Its mission is devotion to the practical and the beautiful in women's and children's clothing, physical culture and kindred subjects. The editor would have women return to the Greek for drapery models—not to follow them in detail, but for their graceful suggestiveness. What we most want in dress, she says, is common sense; and with our sensibilities educated to eternal fitness, there will be no danger of indulging absurd extremes for any occasion. Greek costumes are pleasing to the eye because they outline the woman with regard for her natural shape, and no dress which does otherwise will remain permanently desirable. Study the artistic and graceful suggestiveness of the Greek costumes, its subtle beauties, and the rest will take care of itself. We do not apprehend that this study will lead any woman to appear on Broadway in a costume which will be half as absurd and impracticable as the big hoops of 25 years ago, or the tie-backs of ten years ago, or even of the camel's hump of to-day, with which graceful movement and comfortable posture, sitting or standing, are incompatible.

Petticoats must go, declares the iconoclastic editor of *Dress*. She says persuasively to her women readers: In the utmost secrecy, make yourself up a pair of legging and try one after another of your dresses on, to get the effect of your outward appearance without the petticoat; then having convinced yourself that nobody will know it unless you tell them, go forth for a stroll into some neighboring—well, since it is summer, we will say field, and, being compelled to mount a fence hurriedly to get out of the way of what some vicious man has termed woman's natural enemy, a cow, come home convinced that your bifurcated garment is a great improvement upon the time-honored petticoat. Don't confess your conversion unless you can do so with perfect ease of mind; simply wear the garment, say nothing about it and be happy, just as hundreds of your sisters are doing, and nobody the wiser. This doesn't require much courage, and the gain in comfort, freedom of movement, and, with your winter legiets, warmth, is so great that you will find it in your heart to utter constant benedictions upon *Dress*.

Grant in 1857.

General W. W. Averill relates the following incident of his first meeting with General Grant: It was in 1858, when he was ordered to St. Louis to join an expedition across the plains to New Mexico. While waiting for the expedition to start he spent a day with Lieutenant Craig, the commissary of the expedition, who lived about twelve miles out from St. Louis. Seated on Lieutenant Craig's porch, he saw a solitary horseman riding up to the house. He wore a blue overcoat, such as worn by private soldiers, and a black felt hat, dingy and worn. In his hand he carried a black snake whip, which he frequently applied to the pot-bellied mare he was riding, and whose mane and tail were full of burrs. The brownish-red face of the man was covered with a stubby, sandy beard. When he reached the gate he halted, dismounted, and fastened the beast to a picket fence, opened the gate and inquired for Lieut. Craig. The officer went down to meet him, and, after an earnest conversation, the man mounted his animal and rode away.

When Craig returned to the porch he said:

"Averill, would you believe that that man ever belonged to the army?"

"Yes," Averill replied, "he might be an old soldier."

"No," responded Craig, "I mean as an officer."

"He doesn't look it," said Averill; "who is he?"

"That's old Ulysses Grant, of the Fourth Infantry," responded Craig, with an air of regret. "He wanted to be employed as a commissary's clerk, to drive the beef cattle, take charge of the supplies and issue rations in crossing the plains. I couldn't employ him."

"Craig and I have often wondered," said Gen. Averill, "what would have happened had U. S. Grant gone across the plains as commissary clerk in 1857."—*St. Paul Globe*.

Queer Birds and Fishes.

One of the queerest facts in natural history has been discovered by the Rev. J. J. Lafferty, who gives it to the world in his religious journal as follows: "When a sparrow-hawk pounces on a guinea he lets the guinea fly, but the hawk, sitting on the back of the fowl, uses his own tail to guide the guinea. He always steers his victim to his nest in the forest."

A gentleman on Cotton avenue, Sumter Ga., says that Flint river is so low the cat fish have left the water and invaded the woods and fields. They have nearly devastated a field of corn for Lucius Hudson, living several miles from the river. It is said that the noise they now make in pulling the corn would be equal to 100 head of hungry cattle.

A son of Mr. A. C. Durham, a Georgia gentleman, while on the creek, caught a very large and strange bird. The bird seemed to be very tame and flew up to Durham, jr., and remained quiet until picked up. When carried home it was turned loose, and walked around and played with the chickens as a pet pigeon would. The head of this bird was as large as and shaped like that of an eagle. The bird was perfect from head to tip of wings; the legs were only two inches in length; the feet were like those of a chicken; the general color was a beautiful snuff, and it measured four feet from tip to tip or wings. The bird seems perfectly happy with the chickens, and preceded the wind storm only a few minutes.

Female Hoodlums.

The "enlargement of woman's sphere" is in itself a blessing to thousands, but it should not be allowed to result in the abandonment by masses of women of the field in which lies their advantage and supreme authority. Neither should the movement for woman's rights teach the neglect of woman's duties. It is the women who are interested in these points more than the men. The growth of hoodlumism among girls is a bad sign in our social life. We have sufficiently indicated that this peculiar feminine development is not confined to any station or class. It prevails among rich and poor alike. Neither is the girl hoodlum any worse, in fact, than the boy hoodlum, though she seems worse, probably on account of the higher plane woman occupies in the popular estimation. In conclusion, we disclaim any intention whatever to charge that hoodlumism is sweeping over the country like a tidal wave to engulf American womanhood. It is already too prevalent, and is apparently increasing, but it lies in the power of the sensible women in this country to stay its progress, and the effort is worth making. Let every woman teach her daughter that no higher compliment can ever be paid her than the simple words, "She is a perfect lady," addressed to other ears than her own.

London Fire Management.

American firemen may like to know how the big Whitely stores fire in London. A correspondent writes: About 500 yards away there was a fire station. The engineer in charge received the usual call, but he didn't get worried or flurried. He told his men to bring along the cart and hose, and he himself walked to the scene of the fire. He didn't see much of a blaze, and so he sent a couple of his men into the building to see where the smoke was coming from. Then he connected the hose to the water main, and started hand-pumping, with the assistance of a few corner boys, who enjoyed the fun. At the height of their enjoyment huge sheets of flame burst from the building, and then the worthy engineer concluded to send his couple of horses, all he had at his disposal, back to the station for a steamer. Half an hour later thirty-four steamers, and a score of manuals were at work on the fire, which was not subdued until damage to the extent of $3,000,000 had been done and four lives lost, and now the British public is howling out for more horses, and more money for the firebrigade.

A Rare Chance Until October 1st.

To advertise their book on Diseases of Women and Children, the Zoa Phora Medicine Co. have published a pamphlet edition which they will send free to lady applicants until October 1st. Postage 4c. Address the secretary of the company, H. G. Colman, Kalamazoo, Mich.

ORIGIN OF THE "YANKEE DOODLE."

Great Antiquity of the Famous Fourth of July Ode.

It was during the war between the puritans and cavaliers that the air was composed and named "Nancy Dawson," which we now sing to the words of "Yankee Doodle." A loyalist wrote a lyric in derision of Cromwell, says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, and adapted it to the air of "Nancy (or Nankey) Dawson"—one verse of which was:

"Nankey Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony;
With a feather in his hat
Upon a macaroni."

A "doodle" in the old English dictionaries is defined to be "a sorry, trifling fellow," perhaps the ancestor of the modern "dude," and the term was applied to Cromwell, the prototype of Washington, in that sense.

A macaroni was the knot on which the feather was fastened.

A satirical poem, accompanied by a caricature on William Pitt, appeared in 1760, in which the following verse occurs:

"Stamp act! le dimble! dat is de job, sir;
Dat is de Stiltman's nob, sir.
To be America's nabob, sir,
Doodle, noodle, do."

The air was known long before the revolution in New England as "Lydia Fisher's Jig," one verse of which was:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Lydia Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it."

A surgeon in the British army, stationed at Albany, N. Y., in 1755, composed a song, also in derision of the uncouth appearance of the New England troops assembled there, and called it "Yankey," instead of "Nankey Doodle." The air became at once popular as martial music, and when, in 1768, British troops arrived in Boston harbor the "Yankey Doodle" tune," says a writer at that time, "was the capital piece in the band of music at Castle William."

While the British were yet in Boston, after the arrival of Washington at Cambridge in 1775, some poet among them wrote the following, which is the original "Yankee Doodle" song of the revolution:

"Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,
Where we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

"There was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million.

"And then the feathers on his hat
They looked so tarnal fine,
I wanted pocklily to get
To give to my Jemima.

"And then they had a swampin' gun
As large as a log of maple,
On a deuced little cart—
A load for father's cattle.

"And every time they fired it off
It took a horn of powder,
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

"And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's churn,
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

"And there I see a little keg,
Its head was made of leather:
They knocked upon it with a stick
To call the folks together.

"And then they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood
All wound about their middles.

"The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

"It scared me so I hooked it off
Nor slept, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber."

The air was taken up and played for the first time as martial music by the continentals at Bunker Hill, January 17, 1775. Ever since it has been ours. Having its origin more than two hundred years ago in the heart and head of one of those "base" natures which came between the pass and tell incensed points of mighty opposites—Charles I. and Cromwell," it passed down the current of musical literature to become ours by the copyright of arms—an intended plague upon the Puritans and afterward upon all New Englanders—it returned to plague the inventors themselves by rising to the dignity of being the oldest and most popular national air in the history of republican America.

A LITTLE BIRD TELLS IT.

Weather Reports To Be Sent By Carrier Pigeons.

John J. O'Donnell, formerly assistant signal observer at Atlanta, has been in Washing for several weeks studying up on the management and control of homing pigeons, and has gone to Key West to establish communication, by means of pigeons, between that point and the West India islands for the benefit of the signal service. This service will be operated under an arrangement recently perfected between Gen. Greely and the British authorities.

"How long will it take a pigeon to fly from Nassau to Key West?" Mr. O'Donnell was asked.

"About an hour and a half, I guess. They fly very rapidly. Their average velocity is about 45 miles per hour, but in good weather and under favorable conditions they have been known to fly at the rate of about a mile a minute. When flying their velocity is greater than railroad trains; besides, of course, they make no stoppages, as trains do; but if on land they do not fly at night. Of course, at sea I suppose they would have to. While flying over land they go to roost about dark, and next morning just at daylight the make another start for their destination. They first circle up and up until they strike their course, and then strike out on a direct line. They do not feed while making a trip, but continue on their way until they reach their original loft."

"How do you manage to get them to go to any particular point?"

"Well, you know a homing pigeon won't live anywhere except at its home. We will have pigeons enough at Key West from Nassau and other points, and of course will send our pigeons to those points. If we want to send a message to Nassau we will simply shave the middle tail feather of one of the Nassau pigeons, write the message on tissue paper so as to make it as light as possible. This is then tightly wrapped around the shaved quill and securely tied with a silk thread. The pigeon is then liberated, when it starts for its home in Nassau. On arriving there it goes directly to its loft, where it is discovered by the observer, who removes the message and reads it. A message arranged in this way gives the bird no uneasiness whatever; in fact, it does not know that the message is there. Of course, in order to keep a supply of birds on hand it will be necessary to be constantly shipping them by vessel from one point to another."

Hot Weather Food.

A friend from South Carolina says that he suffers more from heat here than at home, giving as a reason that the food used there contains less carbon than our dishes, and this suggests the wisdom of adopting diet to climate. Rice, for instance, is a Southern dish, and hence is better adapted to summer use than the more solid food found at hotels and boarding houses. In old times cold "suppawn," or hasty pudding, was a favorite hot weather dish, and I can remember seeing it eaten daily during harvest. I become very fond of it, and much regret that it has passed away. May we not hope that, like some other features of antiquity, it will be restored to use, and such a revival will do much for health, and especially for comfort during hot weather. Reader, suppose you make a trial of it?

—Prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

A Very Beautiful Prayer.

This is a short but very beautiful prayer that Dr. Arnold wrote for his own use before he went into the school of Rugby every day:

"O Lord, I have a busy world around me; eye, ear and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in that busy world. Now, even upon it, I would commit my eye, ear and thought to Thee! Do Thou bless them, and keep their work Thine; that as, through Thy natural laws, my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine for them, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at these times when my employment compels me to turn to Thee to commit each particular thought to Thy service. Here my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen."

Blind to One's Best Interests.

At Titipu, Japan, it was easier to cut a man's head off than to cure him of love. In some parts of America it appears to be more satisfactory to let a relative or friend die of *Consumption* or *Heart Disease* than to have him or her cured by a new remedy that some of the old school physicians view with envy and consequent disrespect. Drs. Starkey & Palen, of 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., had many such experiences when they began to introduce their Compound Oxygen Treatment. But the times are greatly changed and their Home Treatment is now cherished in over thirty seven thousand families in this land. Send for a pamphlet explaining its properties. It is mailed free.

OPTIMISM ACCOUNTED FOR.

How Science Explains Some Things.

The New York *Tribune* says that at the Science meeting Dr. Charles Porter Hart made an address upon the correlation of certain mental and bodily conditions in man. He said that the mind greatly influenced the body, and conversely the body greatly influenced the mind, but this, though conceded, had never been sharply defined nor technically expressed. The facts had always been floating in his mind, but his attention was fixed upon it by the circumstance that a patient who was suffering from a peculiar form of abdominal disorder expressed himself with extraordinary positiveness and bitterness on all subjects. This led him to examine into the correlation of mental and bodily conditions, and he found that patients suffering from chronic maladies whose seat was above the diaphragm were optimistic, and those who suffered from maladies seated below it were pessimistic. So lung patients were notoriously hopeful, and their certainty of recovery is actually one of the worst features in such cases, the danger being in proportion to the hopefulness. The speaker classified the percentage of mental feeling according to the disease. Thus bronchitis gave 96 per cent. of optimistic feeling, phthisis gave 97 per cent. of hopefulness, heart disease 80 per cent. and asthma also 80 per cent. On the contrary, men suffering with liver diseases were troubled with 88 pessimism, dyspeptics had 91 per cent. of misery, kidney sufferers 61 per cent. of unhappiness, and dysenterical patients 64 per cent. of gloom. Rheumatic patients were optimistic up to 79 per cent., but dropsical patients, though optimistical also, were only to the degree of 63 per cent.

JUDGES BY HER HAND.

How a Ballet Master Finds Out a Girl's Limb Development.

Mr. Kiraly was asked if there was any way he could tell, on seeing a woman for the first time and in her street dress, whether she would make a good figure for the ballet or for an elevated station up among the fleecy clouds of a transformation scene.

"Yes," he replied, "there is. A lady is not subjected to any indelicate treatment whatever, as some people outside of a theater may suppose.

"Now I can tell from looking at a woman's hand and fingers pretty accurately as to her form from the waist down. Of course, it is my long experience on the stage which enables me to do this, and I rarely am mistaken. A slim hand and thin fingers, on a person above the medium hight, indicate a corresponding development of the lower limbs. But a slender hand, with fingers that are of the proper fullness for the length, on a tall person, may reveal to a practiced eye, that takes in at a glance the face and bust, a very beautiful figure throughout.

"Short, thick fingers, as a rule, denote large size limbs, and thinness in the hand is pretty sure to be accompanied by a lack of flesh below.

"The hand, considered in all its lines and points, both as to fullness or the reverse, and shape, furnishes the true guide in the great majority of cases in determining the physical development of the lower portion of the body. A candidate for the ballet, therefore, may be put through the equivalent of an examination without her even suspecting it."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

HOME-MADE SUMMER BEVERAGES.

Hints for Those Who Seek Refreshment Without Physical Damage.

Temperance drinks have advanced so in popular favor that the bibulously inclined are turning their attention to home beverages. Lemonade and the old-fashioned orangeade are still "the old stand-bys," but the resources of modern housekeeping are great. Lucent syrups of the grape, cherry, pineapple, strawberry, tamarind, and in fact all the home fruits, when properly prepared, make refreshing and healthful beverages. The fruit should be hand crushed, in a wooden squeezer—metal is apt to taint the juice. These skins and pulps should then be mixed with the juice and plenty of sugar and covered with pounded ice. By the time the ice has melted the full strength of the fruit will have been extracted, and then the mass should be strained through a piece of cheesecloth and set in an ice pail until wanted. Care should be taken, however, never to let the straw berries and raspberries will not blend with currants—old cook books to the contrary notwithstanding. The juice of pressed fruit with what in wine countries is known as the "must" from grapes is the drink of all others for this season. Nothing is more beneficial than must. It revives the nerves and stimulates the brain, while the pure blood-making substances in its particles renew the wasted tissues of the body.

Marriage as a Partnership.

Marriage is still only too often a bargain, but at least it is no longer an entirely one-sided bargain. It is tending toward the only true idea of life-long companionship—a partnership on equal terms, with equal give-and-take on both sides. Women no longer feel bound to render that implicit obedience which was considered *de rigueur* in our great-grandmothers' days, and men no longer universally demand it. Husbands, moreover, are beginning to learn that their prime duty is not "to look after" their wives. The very sentence is indicative of the priestgharly pomposity of the old-world ideal of matrimony. The general feeling of society condemns a man who lives to rule his wife on the same principle as a Pasha rules his harem. And indeed the whole scheme of modern life makes it practically impossible for him to do so. A married woman enjoys, as a rule, comparatively little leisure during the day, and even at night it is frequently impossible for a busy man to escort his wife. Thus everything turns on the relations between the married couple. If the girl is really in love with the man she marries, she may be trusted with any amount of subsequent freedom. If not, not; and therefore we say that the injudicious and worldly parents who are responsible for the great majority of ill-assorted unions are also responsible for the many evil results which are to be seen in society at this day. For it is a fact that rows of English girls are as much forced into marriage as the French girl, whose husband is selected while she is yet in her convent. Not by main force, no—but by the whole tone of her education, by the exaggerated fear of being an old maid, by the obvious necessity of making way for a younger sister, by the persistent scheming of her parents, and by her own longing for emancipation. For marriage undoubtedly does mean emancipation to most women; and it is precisely those who look forward to it most who are likely to make the worst use of it.

Valuable Interest Rules

Basis, commercial year 360 days, or 30 days per month.

4 per cent.—Multiply the principal by the required number of days, divide by 9 and point off.

5 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days and divide by 72.

6 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 6, and point off three figures from the right.

8 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days and divide by 45.

9 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 4, and point off three figures from the right.

10 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days and divide by 36.

12 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 3, and point off three figures from the right.

15 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days and divide by 24.

18 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days, divide by 2, and point off three figures from the right.

20 per cent.—Multiply by the number of days and divide by 18.

The interest in each case will be in dollars and cents.

Other Fur Probably Flew.

"Mother," said the 5-year-old demon just as Mrs. Oldboy was preparing to leave home on a six weeks' visit, "what's become of the fur you used to wear last winter?"

"Locked up, Willie; why?"

"Say, has wings growed on it?"

"No, why do you ask such silly questions?"

"Cause I heard pop say this morning he would make the fur fly while you are away."

The trunks were at once unpacked, and the look that came into Mrs. Oldboy's face made the clock strike 34.

Try Water, Afflicted Friends.

"It is love that makes the world go round," we are informed by the poets. It is a somewhat notable fact that a very limited quantity of poor whisky will produce the same effect.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

A LEADING publisher, in an address, not long since, at Yale College, said that, in his opinion, the time was coming when the knowledge of the future was going to be stored in sets of periodicals, bound and elaborately indexed, instead of in books as in the past and present. The tendency in that direction is already well marked, and growing more so with each year that passes. The sale of books is decreasing, though the number published annually increases, and the ambitious tyro who thinks a pastime lies in his work if he can only persuade some hard-hearted publisher to bring it before the public, will be surprised to learn that new books do not average a sale of a thousand apiece. Contrasted with this, there are, at least, three good magazines which sell far more than a hundred thousand copies a month. Besides this is the enormous circulation of newspapers, every family, no matter how limited pecuniarily, feeling the absolute necessity of at least one daily or weekly.

THERE are two reasons for this change. One is that the rush and hurry in which the most of people live give no time for the slow absorption of knowledge from books. There are many who scarcely pause to read through a single volume in a year, but they gain from papers and magazines, a sufficiently intelligent understanding of the questions of the day not to be clinging among the ignoramuses, and that is enough for all practical purposes. At least they cannot stop to do more. Another reason is that the very best writers now know that they are talking to a much larger public through these mediums than through a book, and they are therefore the more ready to express their convictions in that way. The pecuniary returns are also larger in proportion.

IT therefore seems as if the coming man would not read books to any great extent. Another thing follows—that a well-filled library, outside of books of reference, is not felt to be such an absolute necessity as it has been, unless to the purely literary man or woman. The large circulating libraries have also helped to bring about this change. Books that are only read for a single reading can be obtained without buying them, and this, too, is another of the causes of their diminished sale, even when they are among the best of current productions.

MAGAZINES and newspapers, together with the public libraries, have done away with all reason for the existence of book-borrowers—those people who gather from right and left everything in the reading line they can lay their hands upon, and return the books, if they deign to do it at all, with soiled covers and a general look of hard usage that takes away all of their value to the owner. One may take the greatest pleasure in putting a book in the possession of a friend for a reading, but be loath to see it go elsewhere. Yet many people seem to look upon anything printed, whether in the form of a magazine, or put up in expensive bindings, with finely engraved plates, as the legitimate property of all, by the obvious necessity of making way for a younger sister, by the persistent scheming of her parents, and by her own longing for emancipation. For marriage undoubtedly does mean emancipation to most women; and it is precisely those who look forward to it most who are likely to make the worst use of it.

SOME seashore correspondent writes that the aesthetic, sunflower worshipping girl has been laid on the shelf and the tomboy has taken her place in the young men's fancy. This writer says:

Even the red-cheeked, full-lipped, buxom girl who takes her morning walk as regularly as her brother takes his morning cocktail, suffers by comparison with the tomboy. Unless she can romp about like a kitten or an untamed colt; unless she can play leap-frog on the beach and shout like a Comanche, she is pretty sure to be contemned in the tomboy's sports by the girl who possesses these accomplishments (if they can be called by this name). At the seashore, or at least at Atlantic City, all restraint seems to be thrown to the winds. There is no parlor to receive company in, and Mlle. Etiquette on the beach is almost unknown, and the girl who is freest from the restraints which it imposes wins the race.

No sensible person will mourn that the delicate languor which speaks of a frail body has gone out of fashion, but they will be sorry if the rebound is to bring in the rude tomboy, the boisterous, loud-talking girl, who renders herself so all-pervading with her noise and slang that there appears to be a dozen of her. It is probable, however, that this correspondent is exaggerating what he sees, or that Atlantic City is unfortunate in those who have gathered there this season. It is always true that anything upon which fashion sets its stamp is liable to be made ridiculous by empty heads, but that the change which renders the healthy girl, who loves out-of-door exercise, more attractive than the fragile one, is going to transform all of our girls into hoydens, it is difficult to believe.

SOME woman with a small amount of brains recently died, and a post mortem examination revealed the fact that her death came from tight lacing. You may look out now for column after column of solemn warning from the pens of able writers who are beginning newspaper work when just out of swaddling clothes, or from men who, in their early days, learned that women wore corsets drawn so tight that they could not breathe, and have brought the conviction that they continue to be fools down through the years, without attempting to find out whether it is true or not. A habit of thought is as hard to break as any other thought. The truth is that slender waists are no longer the fashion, and pale cheeks are not admired, nor have they been for some time. Tight lacing is among the things of a dead past, and the probability is that corsets in their present stiff form are not long-lived. A few simpletons may yet draw their strings a little too tight for health, but they comprise a small minority of women. It is a pity that the public could not be spared these masculine funeral orations.

Being a Reporter.

The boy who would be a successful journalist must enter the profession with no vain ambition to hurry up and get his name in print, or to be called an "editor." He must make up his mind to work hard and conscientiously; and, after a number of years take the position in the profession to which he seems to be adapted, resting content therewith. If he come to his work with a collegiate education, it will be well; but it is by no means necessary.

Journalism, it must be borne in mind, is distinct from authorship, pure and simple. The journalist deals with the questions of the day; his knowledge must be on the tip of his tongue, or, rather, at the point of his pen—ready for use at any moment. The author, on the other hand, can sit at home, wright leisurely, revise frequently and consult books of reference to verify his statements.

Some college-bred reporters are occasionally both pained and surprised at their first newspaper experiences. Such a young man may look in the morning paper for his first report, on which, you may be sure, he has taken the greatest possible pains. He has given an elaborate description of the hall, the appearance of the audience, and of the lecturer he has been sent to report.

Yet he can not find his account, although he is sure he wrote a column.

"May be it's crowded out," suggests a brother reporter, and then adds: "Why, no; here it is! It is cut down, and they've put a new 'head' on it."

Yes; there it is, away down in the corner of the third page, next to the market reports!

It makes a column—all but nine-tenths! Our college-bred young friend may be very angry at such treatment; but if he is a sensible fellow he soon gets used to it.—*St. Nicholas for August*.

The Best Wife in the World.

Husband: "Hattie, why don't you go down town to-day and buy you a new dress? You have worn that so long that everybody knows it by heart."

Wife: "So much the better. It would be a pity to disguise myself by appearing in public in a new one."

"But it begins to look shabby."

"I don't mind that. It's neat and clean; and what more should a body desire? Besides, I'd rather have you spend your money on yourself."

"Why, I had a new suit only two months ago."

"And are you never to have another? Come. I like to see a man well dressed. And you see so many people, you know."

"That reminds me. I have been thinking of taking Miss Lusher out to ride. She's one of my old flames, you know."

"Yes, I remember. Carrie is a dear, sweet girl. Take her, by all means. I wouldn't be so mean as to want to monopolize my husband all to myself. And that settles the new suit, too. You must have it. I don't want my husband looking seedy when he's out driving, with a young lady. It would mortify Carrie awfully."—*Boston Transcript*.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our campfire shone bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe,
When a rider came out of the darkness
That hung over river and tree,
And shouted: "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen;
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That fell from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched on to the sea.

Then "Forward! boys, forward! to battle"
We marched on our perilous way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless them who fell on the way.
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free,
From the East to the West blew our standard,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed till our banner
Shone out from Atlanta's high walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the rebel flag falls.
Yet we paused not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and tree,
But we twist them a wreath of the laurel,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Oh! proud was our army that morning
As we stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
But to-day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we a song to our chieftain
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Straws from the Battlefield.

J. D. Gates, Co. F, 39th Ind., and 8th Ind., of Asherville, Kan., writes: "Some of the boys who wore the blue from '61 to '65, and who have been voting the Democratic ticket ever since, are having their eyes opened. They are tired of voting for the party that brought on the late war and starved our comrades to death. I was in the army from August 20, '61 to September '64. Shiloh was the first large elephant I saw. From Stone river, I took a trip to Libby prison. I want to vote for Senator Sherman for President in 1888."

An Arkansas Republican.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As I am a new reader perhaps the boys will allow me to bring in a few words from the swamps of Arkansas. I have been a constant reader of the Knoxville *Chronicle*, Knoxville, Tenn., and the *Globe-Democrat*, of St. Louis, Mo., ever since the war, but this year I concluded to try the BLADE, of Toledo, O. I am sorry I have lost so much, which I feel I have lost, by not having been a reader of the BLADE for the last 25 years. I wish to say to the boys who wore the blue that I am a lone Republican, as far as I know, in the White river bottoms of Woodruff county, Ark., and I want to tell them more. I have never as much as voted the Democrat ticket for school director. I was in East Tennessee during the war, and was raised near Knoxville and Greenville, Tenn. I was too young to enlist in the army, but not too young to be crippled and kicked around by the rebels. My father was a pilot from Tennessee to Kentucky.

My oldest brother was one of the 8th Tenn. Inf., Co. C. Perhaps some of that company are readers of the BLADE. I hope there are for

Question Bureau.

"No-Man's Land."

F. E. Needham, Arnold Custer, Neb.:

Will you please give a description of the arm of land between Kansas and Texas, known as "No-Man's Land?"

"No-Man's Land," as it is designated upon some of the official maps, is the only portion of territory of the United States which is absolutely without law. The 2,000 squatters now living on the "Neutral Strip" propose to organize a government there and call the new territory "Cimmaron." This body of land lies west of the Indian territory, and its shape, as it appears on the map, shows that the term "strip" if well applied. It has a width of 37½ miles between the northern boundary of Texas and the southern boundaries of Kansas and Colorado, and reaches westward 167 miles to the eastern line of New Mexico. "No-man's Land" looks insignificant on the map as it lies with such states as Kansas, Texas and Colorado for neighbors. If located on the Atlantic coast its dimensions would appear quite respectable beside some of the Eastern states. The history of this strip is interesting. In 1803 United States bought from France for $15,000,000 Louisiana territory. That was the country west of the Mississippi river from the Gulf to the British possessions—including the present states of Louisiana, Arkansas, that part of Kansas and Colorado north of the Arkansas river only, and the Indian Territory west to the 100th meridian. Mexico and Spain claimed all west of the 100th meridian and south of Arkansas. In 1833 the Indian Territory was organized and set apart for the Indians, under treaties made with them. In 1845 Texas "set up for herself" as a free and independent republic, and then came under the protection of the United States. The war with Mexico followed and resulted in the extension of the territory of the United States west of the 100th meridian and south of the Arkansas. Texas also claimed to extend the northern boundary of the Panhandle on the parallel of 36.30. In 1850 the Kansas and Nebraska bill passed Congress, and as first framed made 36.30 the southern boundary of Kansas, but Stephen A. Douglas, then in the House, called attention to the treaty with the Cherokees of 1833, which gave them a strip of land along the south side of the 37th parallel of latitude, running from the Missouri line to the 100th meridian. It may seem as well to say that the reason for setting apart this strip was to give the Indians a route westward to the Buffalo hunting grounds of Colorado and the Northwest. This strip is still called "the outlet." As stated, it extends to the 100th meridian. So parallel 37 was made the southern boundary of Kansas, and when the 100th meridian was reached the boundary was continued on the same parallel Westward. Thus "the Cherokee outlet" was preserved, and there was also left west of it a continuation of it, or another strip, between Texas and Kansas, and this second piece was given the name of the "Neutral Strip," or "No-Man's Land." New Mexico and Colorado were afterward formed with square corners, and thus "the Neutral Strip" was left with fully defined boundaries, but entirely out in the cold so far as the laws of the United States is concerned. So long as the Great American Desert held its place on the map and the tradition of its utter worthlessness was remembered "No Man's Land" was well named. The Indians and the wild game had undisputed and uncovveted possession. When suddenly the Southwestern country awoke to life, first that acres pent up emptiness declined, there were just in rival claims to this bit of property 167 miles long. Congress has never been able to decide between the claimants, and so the strip has remained undisposed of to this day. An agent of the general land office went down into that country to investigate and report. He came back with the information that the cattle barons had taken possession, divided up the country, and were pasturing their herds upon the land. There were no fences, he reported, but he could always tell when he crossed from one claim to another, for he found the lines marked by posts, on which were printed placards bearing the following: "Take Notice: Any —— of a —— caught trespassing on this land will be dealt with by Judge Lynch. By order of ——."

The Norsemen.

L. J. C., Nalparaiso, Ind.:

1. Will you please give the history of J. Fenimore Cooper's life? 2. Give a brief history of the Norsemen.

1. See answer to H. E. W. B., Marcksburg, Iowa. In BLADE of June 9. 2. The history of the Norwegians or Norsemen only becomes authentic with the introduction of Christianity at the close of the tenth century; all previous to this date is a compound of legend, mythology, and doubtful history. Enough is known, however, of these hardy sea-kings to make it certain that they were the most intrepid voyagers of their day; in the middle and both extremes the broaks of their long ships were seen in every known port of Europe as far south as the Golden Horn, and they explored others until then unknown. Colonies were planted in Iceland, Greenland and Normandy; their armed aid could be secured by every ruler who could afford to pay them; they were the wolves of the high seas, and the neighboring coasts of England for more than three centuries suffered from their piratical forages. In 986 A. D., a Norseman named Herjulfson, who was voyaging from Iceland to Greenland, was driven by a gale far out of his reckoning to the west. A rugged, mountainous line was seen several times, probably that of Newfoundland or Labrador, but no landing was effected. That the account of this adventure was correct, with slight embellishment, is evident from the return to Iceland, as may well believe. In the year 1000, Lief Eriesson, bearing in mind the tale told by his predecessor, set out with the avowed object of testing the truth of his report. He also, in the spring of the year 1001 reached Labrador, landed, and found the country far superior to his own rugged Iceland. "Southward he went," says Mr. Ridpath, "as far as Massachusetts, where he built a house, and a party of Norsemen remained for more than a year. Rhode Island was also visited; and it is alleged that the hardy adventurers found their way into New York harbor." Other parties followed in the ensuing years. Thorwald, a brother of Lief Eriesson, sailed to Maine and Massachusetts in 1002; he is said to have died at Fall River in Massachusetts. In 1007 Thorwald Karlsevne, who was the most intrepid navigator of his days planted colonies in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. But their curiosity was soon appeased, and one by one the colonies dissolved; there was no glory in fighting a few naked savages, and Vinland, as the new discovered land had been called, was once more left untrodden by the white man. It is said that a desultory communication was kept up with America during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but of this there is no certainty. True it is, however, that the Norsemen had no conception that they had discovered a new continent; they imagined that Vinland was but a continuation of the eastern Greenland trending south and west. Norse remains have been discovered at Newport and other points, which seem to indicate the truth of some such event as those narrated above; an additional confirmation is given them by the fact that Norse historians give tolerably consistent accounts of Eric's discovery. Certain it is, however, that in the fifteenth century all recollections of what had been achieved in the western hemisphere four centuries previously had been lost.

The Fall of the Bastile.

M. A. R., Columbia, S. C.:

I have seen in the papers something about the Bastile and I am knowing what it means, I come to you for information. If you will be so kind as to tell all about it, you will greatly oblige a constant reader of your valuable paper.

Long centuries ago there existed in Paris three structures called bastiles; all were stationed on the north side of the Seine. They were named "St. Dennis," "The Temple," and "St. Antoine." In the lapse of time the term "bastile" came to be applied only to the latter. The original plan and construction of this is said to be traced, beyond a doubt, to Stephen Marcel, a provost of the merchants of Paris.

In 1850, after the battle of Poitiers, detachments of English soldiers were busy in ravaging the suburbs of that place, filling the citizens with dismay. This man then undertook to repair the weakened defenses of the city. To these he also added other bulwarks, among which was a gate-way fortified with a tower on each side, which led from the suburb of San Antoine with the street of that name in Paris. These towers were the beginning of the bastile. Constructed in haste, they were naturally unpossessed of no great strength. In 1552 Charles V determined to remedy this fault, doing his work through Hugh Aliot, another provost of Paris. By him other towers were built parallel with the first, the four forming a square, with a tower at each angle. Thirteen years later two more towers were added to each end of the work; thus the fortification presented a front embracing four towers in both the city and the suburb of St. Antoine. Up to this time the road lay between the towers. It was now turned to one side. Somewhere near the middle of the 17th century a strong bastion was added to the St. Antoine face, and a ditch 40 yards wide, 12 feet deep, and faced with heavy masonry, was made to encircle the whole. The height of the exterior walls was 60 feet above the bottom of the ditch. On the top of it extended a gallery constructed of wood and called "the rounds." Along this passage sentinels paced now day and night. Every 3 hours a relief was sent from the Hotel de ville, and the sentinels were visited by some one of the officers or secretaries to insure vigilance. A bell was also rung in one of the towers during the night every quarter of an hour. Between the towers of St. Anthony and the Catrese were the massive gates, at each of which sentinels were posted. The towers, all of which, I believe, were 100 feet high, were seven feet thick at the top. Below the surface of the ground were built dungeons, which were vaulted, paved, and faced with stone, ever dripping with moisture, and were lighted only by narrow slits in the wall on the side next the moat. In these cells, where also the air was sickening fetid, there swarmed for many long years armies of newts, toads, rats and every variety of vermin. Planks, laid across iron bars fastened in the wall, with the addition of straw for a mattress, constituted the bed of the unfortunate prisoners, who were introduced into wretched cells. The entrance to them was by doors, seven inches in thickness and secured by strong bars and locks. Above these dungeons, in the towns themselves, were apartments slightly more comfortable, but from which escape was about hopeless.

"From the reign of Louis XIII. the Bastile became known as a place of safe confinement for prisoners of state. The length of their incarceration depended upon the will, caprice or vengeance of the sovereign. In many an instance death was the kindly hand to release them from the agonies and horrors of the place.

Such names as those of Marshal Richelieu, Voltaire, the Due de Nemours, de Benneville, and scores of others quite as distinguished, were inscribed on the registers of the dungeon labyrinth. The famous Masters de Latude, after years of unutterable suffering endured within it, is said to have been the indirect instrument of its overthrow. Incited by the tales of cruelty and inhumanity of which repeatedly reached their ears, the citizens of Paris rose up in their fury, fought their way to its heart, and wrenched off the massive gates, released the prisoners, and left not a stone upon another. Lovers of liberty in all lands hailed its downfall with delight. And not long after the people of Paris held a grand fete on the spot. Its capture occurring on the 14th of July, 1789, that date afterward came to be regarded as the birth-hour of French liberty, and, as has already been mentioned, for six years past, the people have observed the 14th of July as a national holiday. The site is known as the "Place de la Bastille." After 1530 it was selected as the burial place of the champions of the revolution of that period, and the "Column de Juliet" was erected over their remains.

National Air.

W. P. J., Tucson, Arizona.

Is our national tune, "America," an English or an American tune, and who is its author?

There is really nothing which can satisfactorily be regarded as the national air of the Union. In regard to the origen of those melodies which divide the honors for popular distinction, the following represents the principal data: Woodworth's "Star Spangled Banner," written during the war of 1812 by Francis S. Key, a Washington lawyer, and set to the air with which they have since been associated. The air is an old one, and is thought to be known. Judge Hopkinson wrote the words of "Hail Columbia in the summer of 1798. The music is older than the words, and had been previously known as "The President's March," but the name of the composer has not survived. "The Red, White and Blue" is but an Americanized version of an English patriotic song, the music being the same and the words an adaptation of the original. The words of "America," which were written by the Rev. S. F. Smith, possess all that is really American about it, for the melody is the English national anthem, "God Save the Queen." Keller's "Landing of the Pilgrims" and "Columbia," complete the list of prominent claimants to popular favor. The former was composed about fifteen years ago by Mathias Keller, a venerable German musician, at that time a resident of Providence and Newport, and has since passed to the "great majority." His "American Hymn" was first brought prominently to public notice in 1872, when it was sung at the World's Peace Jubilee, the words used for the occasion being written by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Sir William Wallace.

R. F. Reynolds, Johnson City, Kan.:

Will you please tell us in your columns about Sir William Wallace, the champion of Scotland, and give a history of his life and what he accomplished?

William Wallace, the famous Scottish patriot, was the younger son of a knight of good family in the Southwest of Scotland. Neither the date or place of his birth has been ascertained but there was no doubt that the former may be assigned to the middle of the reign of Alexander III. Nothing certain is known of his education or his early years. When Edward offered pardon to the other Scottish leaders on certain terms, Wallace was excepted by name. If he chose to surrender, he might do so but it was to be without conditions, and his life was to be at the king's mercy. Efforts were also made to discover his retreat and secure his person and these were finally successful. In 1305 he was seized by some of his own countrymen, and delivered to Edward. He was carried to London and, with a mockery of the forms of justice, tried for treason. He was condemned and executed August 23, 1305. The chief authority for the life of Wallace, as told by popular Scotch writers, is the Poem of Henry the Minstrel.

Miscellaneous.

A. B. L., Haworth, Kas.

Is Morgan dead, the man that professed to make an exposure or revelation of Free Masonry some years since; did the Massons kill him, or what became of him?

William Morgan, a mechanic of Batavia, N. Y., who having written a book professing to disclose the secrets of the Free Masonry, suddenly disappeared, having been murdered, it was given it windward qualities. It is an American idea, and is used on this side of the water in place of a standing keel. The English still hold to the standing keel and deep draft boat, while the American claims a shallow boat passes the water more swiftly and that the centerboard gives the boat all the windward qualities of the deep boat without giving her the extra resistance of deep draft. All the important yacht races in the east, as well as on the lakes has proved the superiority of the centerboard, or American idea. 3. Yes.

Mrs. Lelia Baker, Gazzam, Pa.:

Please oblige a constant reader of the BLADE by giving a recipe for making a blue wash to be used on the outside of a stone wall?

Ordinary whitewash colored with indigo or Prussian blue. Make the whitewash first, and stir in the blue until the proper shade is had.

C. L. Hewitt, Barnesville:

Mountain Meadow, Santa Clara county, Utah, was the scene of a barbarous massacre perpetrated by the Indians, aided by white men, in 1857. In that year a party of settlers, while passing through Utah to their adopted homes, suspecting no danger from the seemingly friendly Indians, were suddenly surrounded by the savages, who murdered them in cold blood, sparing only a few children. The United States authorities made inquiry as to who committed the crime, and after a long investigation, brought some of them to punishment.

J. H. J., Canton, O.:

Why has Rhode Island two capitals?

The state formerly consisted of two settlements known as Providence and Rhode Island. Their governments were united by Roger Williams in 1644. In 1663 a charter was obtained from Charles II. incorporating the colony of Rhode Island and Providence plantation," which was the only constitution up to 1842. In colonial times the assembly met alternately at Providence and Newport, but when the new constitution was adopted the two capitals were retained, the legislature holding its regular session in Newport in May, and its adjourned session in Providence.

J. H. M., St. Paul, Minn.:

Are all driven well subject to royalty, the same as the 5,000 wells in and around Dayton, O., under the late decision of the courts? If so, on what parts, if any, and how far back?

All driven wells in the United States come under that decision, and all must pay royalty to the holders of the patent whose validity was sustained by the decision of the United States court referred to above. The patent is on a well made in that manner, and not on any "part" or any fixture. All driven wells are included.

The patent expired, we are informed, on January 16, 1885. All wells put down before that date must pay royalty. Those wells put down since then, you have nothing to pay; but, as a measure of precaution, you had better have the proofs handy—proofs that will hold good in a court of law—that the well was put down since that date.

We also understand that the royalty demanded is about $10 per well. This will have to be paid, and there is no use in resisting payment. But in case the man you pay dies, is one legally authorized to collect it, or don't you pay to an unknown man traveling about the country. The collection of royalty will doubtless be placed in the hands of some well-known legal firm in the county seat of each county, and the matter duly advertised in the newspapers.

H. Nye, Battle Creek, Mich.:

Will you please give the size of the lakes, seas, and the ocean?

Name of Lakes.	Miles Long.	Miles Wide.
Superior	380	120
Michigan	330	60
Huron	180	40
Champlain	123	12
Erie	270	50
Huron	250	90
Ceyuga	40	4
George	36	3
Baikal	360	35
Great Slave	300	45
Winnipeg	240	40
Athabaska	208	20
Manitoba	150	60
Great Bear	150	40
Ladoga	125	75
Constance	42	10
Geneva	50	10
Lakes of the Woods	70	25

Name of Seas.	Miles Long.
Mediterranean	2,000
Carribean	1,500
China	1,700
Red	1,400
Japan	1,000
Black	932
Caspian	640
Baltic	600
Okhotsk	600
White	450
Aral	250

Name of Oceans.	Miles Square.
Pacific	80,000,000
Atlantic	40,000,000
Indian	20,000,000
Southern	10,000,000
Arctic	5,000,000

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

A. N., Ashland, Ore.: See paragraph headed Public lands.

L. W. Kelsey, Larwill, Ind. Address are not given in these columns.

M. D., Chester, Mich. No addresses of firms are given in these columns.

Edgar Severance, Cherokee, Mathematical problems are not answered by the Bureau.

C. P. Vawtes, Springdale, Ky., you had better consult some attorney in you neighborhood.

J. D. L. Montague, Wilson, Kan.: See answer to H. K. Wirtz, Sitka, Ind., in BLADE of June 30.

Subscriber, Punxsutawney, Pa.: No addresses of business firms are given in this department.

R. H. Maring, Hand, Whitely Co., Ind.:

The poem was published in the BLADE several months ago.

Wm. Hewey, Martinsburg, Mo.: Your question is being answered each week in a series of articles on the Rum power.

Benj. Sheppard, Cedarville, N. J.:

It is not the purpose of the Bureau to enter upon religious discussions.

A Teacher, St. Joseph: You do not give your state, consequently the Question Bureau can not direct you to the required information.

A Reader, New Providence, Ind.:

Was Stephen A. Douglas, who ran in opposition to Abraham Lincoln for President, a negro or a white man?

Stephen A. Douglas was a white man.

Gotlieb Schabel, Lockport, N. Y.:

Who fixes the representation in the lower House of Congress, and how is it done?

The representation is fixed by a census taken every ten years.

A Reader, Nelson, Neb.:

Please give in your next as clear a definition as you can of the word so much used in the BLADE—"Mugwump?"

See answer to F. L. Smith, Marion, Ind., in BLADE of June 30.

George Andrews, Fort Monroe, Pa.:

What was the quickest time made by rail by six men power or party from New York City to San Francisco?

A few hours short of seven days; made by the famous Palmer party some years ago.

Wm. Banter, Franklin, Mo.

Was Florida ceded to the United States by France or Spain, and what year.

It was ceded to England in 1763, and recovered by Spain in 1781, and the United States acquired it from Spain.

G. W. M., Sabillasville:

Please publish the age of John L. Sullivan.

We do not know to what John Sullivan you refer. John Langdon Sullivan, a physician, was born in 1777, and John L. Sullivan, the prize fighter, is about 30 years old.

E. B., Pa.:

Please publish a recipe for removing glazed, also grease spots from a fine black coat.

A piece of soap rubbed over a small lump of carbonate of ammonia, cover, and let stand until cold. Take a piece of woolen, wet in the cold, and rub the spots.

W. B. A., Mt. Ariel, Ky.:

Is there any text book or book of instructions on draughts or checkers? If there is, what is its title, and for how much can you get a copy for me?

Write to any book store in a large city; they cost from 35 cents to $1.

Seeker, Fremont, O.

I have been a constant reader of your paper, and would like to know if there is any book giving names of persons who died in money in foreign countries, and where can you get the book?

We know of no such book.

U. G. W., Tyner, W. Va.:

1. Please publish a recipe for making a wash for a brass horn; one that will brighten it and retain its color. 2. Is there a color being a perfraction, or human beings and wood turning to stone? If so, explain how.

1. Salt and vinegar, or common whiting, will clean the brass, but the action of the atmosphere will tarnish it immediately; cleaning is the only way to keep it shining. 2. See answer to Abbe, Odell, Ill., in BLADE of April 21.

Subscriber, Woodbury, Ct.:

Will you kindly inform a young lady subscriber exactly what a copyist is required to do? What are the wages obtained and chances of procuring employment?

A copyist must be a good and rapid penman. Their work is to copy deeds and mortgages and other work of the same nature, and they are paid from 25 to 30 cents, according to ability. Copyists are in good demand in all cities.

M. M. Brown, New Wilmington, Pa.:

Will you be kind enough to indicate the principal features of the Dow Law of Ohio? What restrictions does it throw around the liquor traffic? Does it make entire prohibition practicable in any case?

The Dow law licenses the sale of liquors; it also gives a ward or township the right to decide by vote on the local option question. Many such have already voted in favor of the local option clause and prohibited the sale of liquors and beer.

H. H. Harper:

Did Grover Cleveland order the rebel flags sent back South; and if he did why were they not sent? Or what was in the report?

Grover Cleveland consented to have the rebel flags returned, and was only stopped by Governor Forker, of Ohio, who took steps to legally prevent such return, as the President was overstepping the duties and the authority of his office by so he so ordered. When Cleveland saw his mistake he issued a letter countermanding the order.

C. M. R.:

Can you tell me what is required of one to enter a hospital and become a "trained" nurse? Can you give me the address of a hospital? Do not some hospitals pay wages from the beginning?

All hospitals need trained nurses, and the pay for such help is sometimes good. But there are so many persons who apply to them that they never have to hunt for help. You could address any of the hospitals in any of the cities of Ohio, stating your qualifications, and would doubtless receive the desired information.

G. H. A., Buffalo, Dallas Co., Mo.:

1. Please tell the use of the centerboard in sailing boats? 2. How does a roller centerboard differ from any other center board? 3. Would a person owning a steam launch of 20 or 25 feet have to get a license or have his boat inspected before he would be allowed to use it?

1. and 2. A centerboard is placed in a boat to

AGIB AND HIS FRIENDS.

What It Cost Them to Hunt Prairie Chickens One Day.

It once happened that one Agib Hatton, who abode in New York, came to Dakota in the month of August. And with him came two friends, Zephaniah Ahimelech and John Smith.

On the way they traveled like princes, each giving the porter a quarter, though he did nothing for them but black a little around the toes of their shoes and steal a hair brush out of each of their grips.

And when Agib and his friends arrived in Dakota each man took out of his trunk a large flat bottle, a small flat bottle, a round bottle, a long-necked bottle, a short, thick-set bottle, a stone bottle with a handle on it, a tall, dignified bottle, a wicker-work-covered bottle and a demijohn six cubits in height and well proportioned.

For Agib Hatton, Zephaniah Ahimelech and John Smith thought the country was prohibition.

And the people of the town wunk, one at another and said: "Get onto the party of New York hunters."

And the next morning the men from New York got their guns and dogs out of the express office. And the express charges on the same were $30, which they paid. And one of the dogs had gnawed an express package worth $50, which they also liquidated. An another bit the express agent and they put up $100 to settle that.

And the hotel man told them that he charged $2 a day for dogs. And a native with but one suspender looked at their dogs and told them that one of them was a hound, one a bulldog and the other a pug-nosed mutt. He gave it both barrels and whooped and Agib and Smith came up on a run. And at the same time came out a farmer and three hired men with pitch-forks and Zephaniah paid them $18; for it was a calf.

Then they went on alone sadly, for the hound sneaked away grivily so that he might get John Smith's gun before it was too dark. And just before they reached the wagon they met another boy, who was barefooted and had on his father's shirt and his little brother's pantaloons, and his own black eye and bumble-bee sting; and he carried an old Springfield musket and had twenty-four prairie chickens, six wild ducks and a jack-rabbit. And it cost them $1 to buy two chickens.

And when they reached the spot where they left the wagon, behold the team had run away; but their bottles, and demijohn, and lunch-basket lay near, empty; howbeit they knew not that two tramps also lay near, full.

And when they reached town they swore so that they scared the people, and they found that a freight train left in half an hour and they went to the depot to take it. But it was not ordered that they should.

For a constable arrested them for killing game out of season. And they looked at the calendar and lo! it was even so; for it was the first day of September instead of August. He's powerful hard up for grub, and you can't always tell one man's cattle from another's these year times."

"Wa'l, now, Hosy," said one of "the boys," "I'm glad ye think so much of old Wheeler, for the last we saw of your mules and cattle, a dozen of his men were drivin' 'em over Chastuewee bridge. We'd hev rix on 'em but they was too many for us, and knowin', too, that you was seech a good old reb——"

"W-h-a-t?" shouted Hosy, "air theyuns all clean gone?"

"Yes, the last hoof of 'em done gone, for a fact."

Old Hosy Bulvain threw his slouch hat upon the ground with great emphasis; then looking round upon his auditors, sternly, said with great deliberation:

"Gentlemen, I've been a good demyerat for twenty-five years, an' I voted for secession. When this yer draftted war come on, I—I stayed at home and did my duty—makin' corn for 'em. Then I paid two thousand clean cash for Tom, a subsutitute, and now they've walked off with three thousand dollars worth of stock, and never said turkey. Gentlemen, of this yer is what they call Southern Independence, I've had enough of it."

Wheeler soon retired. In a few weeks' time the whole Tennessee valley "was blue" with Sherman's men on their way to the relief of Knoxville. Hosy still had a large drove of hogs hid away in a secluded cove. These some Yankee stragglers drove off, while a detail of Michigan men loaded his last ear of corn and last side of bacon on some army wagons, giving him a bayonet-prick or two and a thorough cursing by way of receipt.

"Gentlemen," said he afterwards, to some friends as helpless as himself, "I'm out of pollerticks entirely—lest bonashusly cleaned out. I wish both sides of 'em was locked up in Hell and I had the key."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Around the earth in every land,
By every steam and train it's sure of,
In every town they lend and stand
How teeth may best be taken care of.
From Jersey flats to Birmah's mount
They sing the praise of SOZODONT.

Wonderful Grotto.

In Zapontlan, Mexico, two hunters recently discovered a beautiful grotto 300 yards long and 150 wide. The grotto is formed of quartz and is adorned with the most beautiful stalactites and stalagmites, which glitter like pearls when the light of torches falls upon them. The infiltrations have formed exquisite pillars and colonnades 30 yards in height. In the center of the grotto are two artificial reservoirs filled with clear and very cold water. On the floor were found many petrified skulls and bones, which leads to the belief that the place was once used as a temple for human sacrifice by the ancient Mexicans.

Give the Babies Water.

A well known doctor whose specialty is the treatment of infants, says that babies should be allowed water in fair quantity during the summer months. He also prescribes small portions of pounded ice to be given internally every hour. He argues that babies require water as much as puppies and calves. Mothers, as a general thing, are ignorant of this fact, and consequently few nursing children get water, and they must suffer tortures from thirst during the summer months.

There are Lots Like Him.

The late Judge Aaron Goodrich had a sincere contempt for all men who affected to be what they were not. One was discussing with him the existence or non existence of a God. He was an atheist, and remarked with a sneer: "If God let's me alone, I'll never trouble Him." "My dear sir," said the judge, "I have always had the firm belief that you gentlemen never had the least cause for worry as to God's bothering His head about you. He finished with you when you were created."—*St. Paul Press.*

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Largest medicinal spring in America. Four story building, lighted by gas and heated by steam. Baths, Massage and Electricity a specialty. Send for circulars.

JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Supt.
Green Spring, Ohio.

LYING OUT.

War Times in the Tennessee Mountains.

Recently a tall, white-bearded blacksmith of the "Unaksy" mountains, told me that he had "hid out" for two years, and at the same time looked after the support of his wife, an aged mother and three children. He was one of the most innocent-minded of men, and so void of self-conceit, that his extraordinary history, as self-related, seemed to him the only natural thing for him to do under the circumstances. His hair-breadth escapes, exposure to cold, storm and semi-starvation were truly marvelous. He frequently carried all the provisions used by his family, twenty or thirty miles or more on his back at night, after working all the week for some valley farmer, and never knowing at what hour he might be shot down at the plow handles by unseen hands.

As an instance of the nature of the surprises his lot subjected him to, he said that one fall, when he came home to "help his wimmin folks to grind out a few molasses," an alarm was given that a party of raiders were coming down the road. He was eating his dinner. He rose from the table, and ran for a large brier patch bordering a small brook, about a hundred yards or more from the house. Said he:

"When I struck the patch I sorter turned sideways and jest split the bushes. You orter hear my humphen shirt and breeches a rippin'. Long about the third jump I landed plum up ter my knees in a quicksand, and that I sot, on till Marth—my old woman, as is—she come and said thet hit wern't no raiders after all."

A party of fugitives like himself had come along, only they were bound for the Yankee lines at Nashville, and his father when he was caught, a rope placed round his neck, with the other end thrown round a limb, and given his choice: either to make known the hiding place of some comrades, or be incontinently choked to death. He refused to tell, and was drawn up several times and held, until the sight of his blackened and distorted features nearly made his wife go frenzy, when, plucking a sabre from the belt of one of his torturers, she cut her half-strangled husband down, and, standing over his body, defied the whole company. Pity or admiration moved them to spare him.

Two of the fatigued mountaineers once strolled into a hollow log to avoid a company of federal scouts from Sweetwater, who were looking for bushwhackers, and not particular whom they shot or strung up, when a horse might be appropriated, or a little extra trouble saved thereby. These two men had deserted from a Union regiment that had been raised in East Tennessee, and had experienced a short shrift and a ready rope or bullet, if caught. They laid in the hollow log for two nights and one day, not more than 30 feet from the public road, up and down which squads of Union cavalry were frequently passing, while a sentinel constantly marched to and fro in front of the captain's tent, directly opposite their ambuscade. Several times the soldiers sat down upon the log, and once they heard a gruff, mad sergeant say to a couple of his men:

"Ef we find 'em, boys, we'll string 'em up higher'n Haman, darned if we don't!' Cap says law is law, 'nd thish yer deserting hes got ter be put a stop to; besides, cap wants ther' horses, and he's afeared. I think, ef we take 'em to Sweetwater, the kernel—d—n his soul! will turn them loose, horses and all."

With these perils overhanging, these two half-starved wretches told long yarns in whispers to each other, to pass off the time, cracking homely jokes, and choked themselves with suppressed laughter, knowing also, that their lives hung, as it were, by a thread, and that their wives and families were totally at the mercy of the invader.

During the last of the war the Confederate soldiers frequently confiscated the live stock and other property of their own supporters, as well as that of the many Unionists throughout the mountains. War's necessities were never harsher teachers than to the plucked and ragged veterans that still barred the way before the warmly clad, well-fed Rosts of the North during the final struggle immediately preceding the surrender of Lee.

Several miles from Charleston, on the East Tennessee railroad, resided a wealthy farmer named Hosea Bulvain, familiarly known as "Old Hosey." He had always been a strong secessionist, and had one only son, Tom, who was the apple of his eye. Old Hosey was in the habit of saying to the poorer young men of the neighborhood:

"Now boys, you all's go and do the fighting and me and Tom and the others, thet hev got the land, will stay at home and jest bodashusly make yer grub for you. The sin's of this war, boys, must be perveyed on the thing's 'busted,' and we'uns have obledged to pervide 'em, ef hit takes the last yearlin' on Easternally creek."

When conscription came on, Tom was drafted. Old Hosy, with many wry faces, paid out two thousand Confederate paper dollars for a substitute, and Tom remained at home, gaily making love to the belles of war." After awhile, Gen. Wheeler's Confederate cavalry came along, foraging for Longstreet's hungry veterans before Knoxville. Bulvain had taken all his live stock to an outlying farm back on the "Knobs," where there were no main public roads. The locality was a secluded one, and Hosy congratulated himself on his own shrewdness, when he saw his neighbors' mules and cattle disappear down the main road, with Wheeler's ragged, gray-coated boys behind them. He continued loud in patriotic attestations of his willingness to work the land poor to provide the much needed "sin'ers of war."

But one day he slipped over to his farm in the Knobs, where some of his Unionist neighbors were "lying out," and at the same time keeping a stealthy lookout over Hosy's cattle.

"Wa'l boys," said he, "I'm sorry for ye, but the confederacy is bound to win, ef it takes all our corn. How's the stock, boys? Gen. Wheeler is a good man, but he's powerful on eatin'. Has he been over this way?"

"W-h-a-t?" shouted Hosy, "air theyuns all clean gone?"

"Yes, the last hoof of 'em done gone, for a fact."

Old Hosy Bulvain threw his slouch hat upon the ground with great emphasis; then looking round upon his auditors, sternly, said with great deliberation:

"Gentlemen, I've been a good demyerat for twenty-five years, an' I voted for secession. When this yer draftted war come on, I—I stayed at home and did my duty—makin' corn for 'em. Then I paid two thousand clean cash for Tom, a subsutitute, and now they've walked off with three thousand dollars worth of stock, and never said turkey. Gentlemen, of this yer is what they call Southern Independence, I've had enough of it."

Wheeler soon retired. In a few weeks' time the whole Tennessee valley "was blue" with Sherman's men on their way to the relief of Knoxville. Hosy still had a large drove of hogs hid away in a secluded cove. These some Yankee stragglers drove off, while a detail of Michigan men loaded his last ear of corn and last side of bacon on some army wagons, giving him a bayonet-prick or two and a thorough cursing by way of receipt.

"Gentlemen," said he afterwards, to some friends as helpless as himself, "I'm out of pollerticks entirely—lest bonashusly cleaned out. I wish both sides of 'em was locked up in Hell and I had the key."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A MORMON WIFE.

The Pitiful Story of Her Wrongs—The Deviltry of Polygamy.

Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, in the N. Y. *Independent*, says:

I wish I could tell the story which a Mormon woman told me, with her passionate gestures, her indignant words, and her heart in every dramatic movement.

The husband had died a week before, and she was, perhaps, freer to speak of it now that he, through whom she had been wronged and whom she had screened, was gone. To me, its greatest force lay in the fact that it could not have been an unique experience.

The missionary Mormon elder, when he gathered a company about him in England and won their hearts by the promises of the rich, sweet life across the waters, in the land of the saints. Met by a rumor which had startled them, that polygamy was practiced in that far land, he indignantly denied the charge and allayed their suspicions. So, many years ago, she left her God fearing father and mother and came with a large number to the promised land.

Only too soon the dreadful truth stole like a wolf to her door, then entered in and devoured her. From Brigham Young—"and," said she, with flashing eyes, "I believe never was there a greater emperor than Brigham Young"—came an order that she should become a Mormon's second wife.

She indignantly refused. The first wife, quite old and fond of her husband, added her entreaty to Young's command. At last the woman's will broke down. She yielded. Some to respect, almost to love the man who had married under such compulsion. The first wife died, leaving messages of tenderness. She was left alone.

An efficient business woman, her name would be recognized by many visitors of Salt Lake if I should give it. She helped her husband gain a fortune. It was taken from them by Brigham Young, who forced the land to sell property to him at a small fraction of what had just been offered for it by a Gentile.

They started again with another establishment which Young had induced the husband—who, she said, was a sincere and just man—to purchase of him. When they had made full payment and fancied their future fortune secured they learned that it had never belonged to Young, but to an estate of which he was guardian. They were sued for the value of the property. Struggling along for a time they failed to make their payments. Their second fortune was lost.

Then came the last blow. The husband was ordered to take a third wife. "If you do that I will live with you no longer."

The rebel was ordered to the President. "Take a bill of divorce and come and live in my family." Her indignant refusal was followed by a renewed command to the husband, who at length yielded. She took no bill, but left him. Yet she continued to love him as only a true woman's way. And when, in these latter days, it became dangerous for a man to be known as having more than one wife, she said to her husband: "Live at a distance with this other woman, and do not come to see me, lest they find you out and arrest you." "I will send word to you," he promised, "if I should become very sick." But although he ordered it, word was never sent, and he died with the third wife before the second one could reach him.

So you see, sir, how my life has been blighted. My husband forced on me, two fortunes seized, then my husband stolen from me, and my heart broken."

Yet she will not deny that she is a Mormon.

GRANT'S RELIGIOUS FAITH.

His Sister and Mrs. Brooks Make Some Interesting Statements of Its Character.

At the Woman's Christiann Encouragement meeting at Ocean Grove, N. J., the closing address was made by Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, a sister of Gen. Grant.

"Faith," said she, "seems to me like a cable reaching from earth to heaven. I had such a contest in my Christian life in coming to Christ. The next day after I was converted I was so happy my feet seemed in the air, and the thought came to me, why was I converted and not my brother, who might have wielded such a powerful influence? and from that moment I felt down in my heart that he would be converted.

"I knew I must wait years, for it is not easy to touch one in his position, and I waited years before I saw any token of a change in him. At last a little star of hope began to dawn, then to grow fainter. After awhile trials came to him, and the hope revived. I was away off in Switzerland one day and I chanced to open a London paper and there read the announcement of the fatal illness of my brother.

"I remember the 2d of April, a terrible month of his experience, reports came that he was worse. I prayed for his recovery for the glory of God. But there came a telegram one day, 'General Grant is sinking.' On the 15th of April I was walking in a beautiful little park, when I sought quietude, these words of Scripture came to me: 'I say unto thee, if thou wouldst believe, thou should see the glory of God.' The next day I was walking in a busy thoroughfare, when something seemed to say to me, pray that the "everlasting arms may be beneath your brother, and almost obvious to all around me, I prayed for him. The Saviour seemed to be beside me and to say: 'He's safe! He's safe!' Dr. Newman's diary, as I learned afterward, says that from the 15th to the 17th, Gen. Grant passed through a change gradually from darkness into light.

"Time passed on, and I was crossing the sea. That morning before we landed I read in the public papers, 'My brother, which was dead, is alive, and the lost is found.' As we entered the harbor the flags were at half-mast."

At the close of Mrs. Cramer's remarks Mrs. Brooks, of New York, said: "I want to add one word. I was with Mrs. Cramer's daughter when she received that letter, and I took this letter to Dr. Newman and asked him if anything particular had occurred during those dates. He looked over his diary and said: 'On the 15th the doctors stood beside him and we thought he was dead, but he rallied and afterward took a ride. During his ride he said: 'I wish I had the faith of my sister Mary.'"

A Healthy Stomach

Is a blessing for which thousands of our dyspeptic countrymen and women sigh in vain, and to obtain which swallow much medicine unavailingly. For no ailment—probably—are there so many alleged remedies as for dyspepsia. The man of humbug is constantly glutted with the dollars and dimes of those who resort to one nostrum after another in the vain hope of ob

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1887.

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LOCAL OPTION AS A MEANS, NOT AN END.

Marked as has been the growth of public sentiment in favor of Prohibition, there is a very large portion of the fifty odd millions of people in the United States who have not yet had the matter so forcibly presented to their minds as to make them the active, relentless, untiring foes of the Rum Power. There are many thousand persons, in the aggregate, interested directly or indirectly in the Rum traffic, who fatten upon the spoils it levies from the drinking element, or earn their daily bread in some occupation connected with the manufacture and sale of some one or the other of the numerous forms in which Rum is presented to its patrons. They are, of course, bitterly opposed to any interference with the unholy traffic. So also are the additional tens of thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—of weak or vicious men around whom the infernal Rum Thirst has woven a spell as potent and as evil as that of the fabled CIRCE, the enchantress, whose magic changed her admirers into grunting swine, wallowing in their own filth. These two classes are, from the very nature of things, the uncompromising enemies of those who are working to destroy the traffic, banish the saloon, and pulverize the Rum Power.

To these are opposed those who have carefully considered the great Drink Problem in all its bearings, and have arrived at the conclusion that there is but one thing to be done to stop the swelling stream of poverty and degradation, vice and crime, that is the result of Rum—and that one thing is, to destroy the traffic by the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of the infernal poison. They see that there has grown up, through the enormous profits of this unholy ministering to the appetites of weak and depraved humanity, a formidable array of men, banded together by that strongest of purely human motives, self-interest, to not only perpetuate the damnable traffic, but to battle for its extension, until the great mass of fallen humanity shall have bowed beneath the sway of Rum, in order that their ill-gotten gains shall be still further increased. This phalanx of interested manufacturers and dealers, both wholesale and retail, is conveniently described by the one phrase, "the Rum Power."

Besides these two classes of the community—the friends of Prohibition on the one side, and the Rum Power and its supporters on the other—there remains a great mass of people, who stand, as regards the matter of Prohibition, upon what may be called neutral ground. Many of them have never considered the matter sufficiently to have an intelligent opinion one way or the other. Some, as the result of an insufficient examination, believe that temperance is a matter for the individual, and that so long as they each live temperately they have discharged their duty to the state. Their attitude is like that of CAIN when he answered, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Then there are those who have a misty idea that the making and selling of Rum is "business," and that business is always a benefit to the community; hence that to put a stop to this damnable traffic is to injure "business," and therefore are inclined to look askance at the Prohibition movement. This class look at it in a hundred different ways; but none of them have so studied the question in all its bearings that they are able to discuss it reasonably, or have any intelligent opinion upon it.

This great neutral class of the community should be the first objective point of Prohibition effort. It is a sad fact that the friends of Prohibition are divided among themselves as to the best method of reaching the desired end. They all agree that state and national Prohibition is the ultimate aim; but they cannot become united upon one line of effort. Their strength is frittered away in divided work. There are those who are laboring earnestly to build up a separate political party on this one issue; they are working for a party first, to the end that, when that party becomes a majority in any state, Prohibition can then be reached through its means. We have frequently discussed the practical objections to this plan, and need not recapitulate them here. There are those who are laboring to convert each individual member of the community into a total abstainer, so that the Rum traffic may die a natural death through lack of patronage. And there are those who, like the BLADE, feel that any step which harasses and injures the Rum Power, any law or statute which curbs its power, any effort which increases the number of those who believe in the extinction of the Rum Power, is to be commended and supported, as a move in the right direction.

The real thing to do is to convince all men, not already committed to one side or the other—not the slaves or adherents of the Rum Power, nor Prohibitionists—that Prohibition is a wise, a just, and a proper thing. It is sometimes difficult to comprehend the tremendous inertia of the public. Men who have been roused to a full comprehension of the magnitude of this giant evil of Rum become weary and impatient over the slow progress the great reform seems to make. They fail to remember that time is a vital element in any such movement. It is useless to force it upon a state where the public are not educated up to its support. The recent campaign in Texas affords a fine illustration of this. From a strategic point of view, the forcing of the vote upon constitutional Prohibition at this time was a mistake.

We believe that work upon the local option plan is at present the most advisable. Prohibition by this method becomes effective in all parts of the state which are educated up to it. And each town or village or county which votes Prohibition becomes a potent educator to the people of all the surrounding country. The leaven spreads faster, and the work is facilitated. The time comes much sooner at which a majority of the people of the entire state favor Prohibition, and will vote for its engrafting on the state constitution. Local option is not the end in itself, but a means to that end. It is a most potent means whereby to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

JUDGE SAWYER, of the United States Circuit court for California, has issued an order citing LELAND STANFORD to appear and show cause why he should not be compelled to answer certain questions asked him by the Pacific Railroad commission in regard to the expenditure of funds for the purpose of influencing legislation. MR. STANFORD will find it hard work to defy the power of the United States government, and might as well come into court and promise to answer.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

A New York paper devoted to the advocacy of HENRY GEORGE'S theories, female suffrage, greenbackery, and various other political quackeries, is in a state of mind over the United States Senate. It has just ascertained that four states, with less than 800,000 population, all told, are equal in the Senate in political power with four other states that have more than 15,000,000 population. The states alluded to are:

Nevada	62,000
Oregon	174,768
Rhode Island	276,531
Colorado	194,327
Total	707,626
New York	5,082,781
Pennsylvania	4,282,891
Ohio	3,108,062
Illinois	3,077,871
Total	15,551,605

And it remarks concerning this state of facts:

The truth is, that Senators neither represent men, money nor land honestly, but merely the political geography of the country.

It seems to us that there is a vast deal of ignorance concerning the federal constitution among men supposed to be ordinarily intelligent. The United States Senate is intended to be made up of representatives of the states respectively, irrespective of their area, population or wealth. The two Senators to which each state is entitled are intended to preserve its equality in the legislative branch of the government with each of the other states.

The members of the House of Representatives represent the people of the states, in proportion to the population of the latter. The Senators represent the states themselves. The House lives only during one Congress, the members all being elected for that same two years. The Senate is a perpetual body. Its members are elected for six years, but only one-third of their total number every two years, so that two-thirds hold over at the close of each Congress. The members of the House all begin their terms at one time, and all end at the same time.

Two legislative chambers throw greater safeguards around the law-making power, and render the passage of unwise measures far less probable, than would be the case with but one. All appropriations of money must originate in the House. The purse is in the hands of the lower house, the one nearest the people, whose members' tenure of office is but two years, and whose political complexion can be easily changed by the voters. The upper chamber is rendered more independent, by its members holding for longer terms, and the settled policy of the government is not exposed to the danger of a complete revolution by some sudden political craze on the part of the people.

The checks and balances of the constitution have so far worked admirably. A change of the constitution whereby the Senate would be placed more at the mercy of the masses, or its entire abolition, would render our government more unstable. It is to be remembered that every republic in the world's history has fallen from one of two causes—either by the grasping of imperial power by the executive, or by revolution on the part of the people. The admirable, though somewhat cumbrous, machinery of the constitution for choosing the President, the division of governmental powers among the executive, legislative and judicial branches, the placing of one legislative house close to the people, as their representatives, and the other as far possible beyond their reach, as the representatives of the individual states, were all intended to prevent not only both usurpation on the one hand or revolution on the other, as well as to prevent the stronger states overshadowing the smaller in federal councils.

While the constitution may not be perfect, this arrangement concerning the Senate is an admirable one, and the radical who proposes to tear it away must show us something to take its place that will be equally as efficient in serving the same ends. We think that a much greater amount of study of the federal constitution, and of the purposes of its provisions would be of decided benefit to very many American citizens.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents; the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

ANOTHER of the by-elections to fill a vacant Parliamentary seat took place Saturday, in the Northwich division of Cheshire, and the result confirms the fact revealed by previous similar contests, that there is a tremendous revulsion of popular feeling in England in favor of justice to Ireland. Here are the figures for Northwich, showing a remarkable change within a year:

	1886.	1887.
Gladstonians	3,983	5,112
Liberal Unionists	4,416	3,958

The Gladstone men gain a member by this change; and it shows beyond a doubt that the Tories and their Liberal Unionist allies would be disastrously routed if a general election should be held, and the popular changes are such that Parliament can not much longer stick together.

THE United States revenue steamer Rush, while cruising in Behring Sea during July, captured three British vessels and one American, all heavily laden with seal-skins, taken from forbidden waters. All the vessels and crews were sent to Sitka, Alaska, for legal proceedings. Now let us see if the State department at Washington will truckle to England and let the British violators of law go free.

RETURNS from all the counties in Kentucky have been received at the office of the secretary of State, showing the following result: BUCKNER, 144,619; BRADLEY, 127,604; FOX, 8,390; CARDIN, 4,487. The official majority of BUCKNER over BRADLEY is 17,015. As great a reduction next year will cause the conquest of the "dark and bloody ground" by the Republicans. Houp-la!

THE immigration statistics for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, are published. They show that the English are leading in the immigration from Great Britain to the United States. Thus from England and Wales came 74,783, from Ireland 68,130, from Scotland 18,633. The English now in the United States are fast becoming naturalized, and intend to take an active part in politics.

BISHOP GALLOWAY, of Mississippi, speaking of JEFF DAVIS'S letter against Prohibition, says:

I did hope that his stormy life would have a peaceful close; that his sun would go down without a fleck of cloud in the sky; but that unfortunate utterance will obscure the radiance of his eventide and leave a shadow upon his memory. How sad that the last words of a soldier, sage and Christian should become the shibboleth of the saloons.

HOW THE SOLDIERS VOTED.

Apropos of the claims of the Democratic press that there were as many, or more, Democrats in the Union ranks as there were Republicans, it is well once in a while to refer to the official figures.

In 1864, there were eleven states which had passed laws to allow their soldiers in the field to vote at the Presidential election, and thus express their party preferences. MCCLELLAN was the Democratic candidate, and he was a great favorite with the boys in blue. Many a Republican soldier in the Virginia camps voted for "Little MAC," because of a personal liking for his old commander. Yet with this advantage, the soldier vote was tremendously large for LINCOLN. Here are the figures:

State.	Lincoln.	McClellan.
Maine	4,174	741
New Hampshire	2,066	690
Vermont	243	49
Pennsylvania	26,712	12,349
Maryland	2,800	321
Kentucky	1,194	2,823
Ohio	41,146	9,757
Michigan	9,402	2,959
Iowa	15,178	1,364
Wisconsin	11,372	2,458
Kansas	2,876	543
California	2,600	237
Total	119,763	34,291

It may be of additional interest to recall that in October, 1863, the Ohio troops voted at the state election, which was the famous BROUGH-VALLANDINGHAM campaign. The election was held in October, shortly after the bloody defeat of ROSECRANS at Chicamauga. The Ohio soldiers cast their ballots thus:

Brough	41,467
Vallandingham	2,288

These are the official figures; and we know of no other trustworthy way of telling the politics of the men who composed the Union armies than by the record of their votes. Until our Democratic brethren can invent one as satisfactory, we shall take the liberty of disbelieving all their statements to the effect that "Democratic soldiers saved the Union." The man who says so in good faith is not mentally above the capacity of a gibbering idiot.

A QUEER STATEMENT.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* is going daft on free trade. Hear it:

As for free trade, we find the first suggestion of it in the Declaration of Independence, when our forefathers denounced the King of England "for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world." This is the avowed purpose of the tariff.

The struggle of '76 was no more a battle for political independence than for free trade.

The writer of the above is either densely ignorant himself, or is deliberately writing what he knows to be untrue; if the latter, he must presume that his readers are utterly ignorant of events preceding the American Revolution. The statement of the Declaration of Independence was aimed at the English navigation laws. These statutes were enacted to give to English ships the entire monopoly of all her colonial commerce, through provisions that only English ships should carry any merchandise from any port in the empire to any other, and that no goods which were the growth, product or manufacture of Asia, Africa or America, should be imported into any of the ports of the empire except in British ships. There were special statutes enacted which bore heavily against the colonies, and these tyrannical laws were the subject of the portion of the declaration above quoted.

Free trade, in the sense in which the term is now used in this country, was not thought of at that time. The "cutting off of our trade with all parts of the world" was compelling the colonies to trade with England exclusively.

Nor is it the "avowed purpose of the tariff" to "cut off American trade." Its avowed purpose is to render us industrially independent of all other nations, so far as this can be done; and it can be, except as to products of tropical climates, or articles not grown in our wide area, nor produced by our forests, mines or waters.

THE arraignment of the present administration in the platform of the Pennsylvania Republicans is as severe as it is truthful. It arraigns the CLEVELAND administration for general imbecility in dealing with great national questions, and points to the fact that all the energy that has been displayed has been in the displacement of officials to reward partisan service by putting Democrats in the positions, in violation of the President's civil service pledges. It justly declares that the administration has no policy beyond expediency, and no principle beyond preparation for a second term; and closes with this scathing denunciation of the bull-necked chief executive:

President Cleveland has endeavored to nurture sectionalism by preference to distinguished stations of soldiers prominent in the effort to destroy the government; by his refusal to sanction pensions to soldiers eminent in their efforts to sustain it; by his proposition to take from among our national trophies, the memorial of an extinct military power, won by the lavish expenditure of blood and treasure of the country, to surrender them to those whom he supposed to inherit its prejudices, and who were without either desire or authority to receive them.

ST. LOUIS is working hard to have the national Democratic convention held there next year. This statement will set every Chinagoan to working like a beaver to thwart the aspirations of the city at the other end of the bridge.

SPAIN is going to take the initiative in celebrating appropriately, in 1892, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. For this purpose it will invite all the nations who people the territories discovered by COLUMBUS to take part in the celebration. The Spanish government also announces that Spain is ready at the same time to take part in any other celebration and solemnity which may be undertaken on the American continent to commemorate the great event.

Now that Ohio has indorsed SHERMAN, and Pennsylvania BLAINE, let the thing go round. Let Iowa indorse ALLISON, and Illinois LINCOLN, Connecticut HAWLEY, and so on. Then everybody will be on an equality, and everything will be lovely. Let the "favorite son" farce have its run before the Presidential season begins.

THIS week's cartoon in *Judge*, entitled the "Prodigal Son," hits the bull's eye. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS sits mournfully in that character, surrounded by swine, whose countenances bear strong resemblances to certain prominent members of the administration and Democratic leaders. It is scorching, but truthful.

GREAT interest is felt by the public, and especially among the Norwegians, Swedes and other Scandinavians of our population, in the approaching dedication at Boston of the ideal statue of LEIF ERICSSON, the sturdy Norse navigator who was the first European to reach the shores of the New World.

SECRETARY OF WAR ENDICOTT is a mugwump. Gen. SHERIDAN is a Republican. Mugwumps hate Republicans as the devil dislikes holy water. May we not suggest that here is the real secret of the nincompoop Secretary's continual nagging at Little PHIL?

LIEUT. GOV. SMITH, of Illinois, speaking of the Presidential nomination next year, said to a friend:

You would be surprised to see what remarkable strength is being developed for the nomination of ex-Secretary of War Robert T. Lincoln. He seems to have a great force already known, with a host yet to hear from.

CALLS have been issued in Great Britain and America for all women interested in the cause of temperance to unite in prayer for the success of the work, on November 12 and 13.

HENRY CLAY was the author of the phrase, "American system," as applied to the protective tariff. The English system is free trade.

A FREE TRADE HUMBUG.

The free traders get very weary when the fact is pointed out that the adoption of their pet craze means, for all workingmen, a reduction of the rate of wages to the standard prevailing in the only free trade country in the world—Great Britain. They attempt to evade the issue by abusing English class distinctions and asserting what no one disputes, viz: that these distinctions are abolished in free America. The statement is true, but what has it to do with the question of wages?

We also wish to place in juxtaposition these two precious extracts from the same article:

This is a free country where men are equal and where equality are everywhere recognized, except among the snobbish monopolists and aristocrats who were created by the American tariff. Such persons despise labor and have nothing to with it, only as they can mulct it to assist them in squeezing millions from the juicy tariff lemon that has been tossed to them by the Republican party.

The American wageworker is as good as the millionaire employer, and as a majority of employers "worked their way up," their sense of justice and fairness and honor have never become blunted or seared, and they concede fair wages.

Those two paragraphs refer to the same class of people, viz: American employers. The one calls them "snobbish monopolists and aristocrats," while the second declares that the majority of them worked up from the ranks of employes, through their own energy, and that their sense of justice and fairness has never become seared or blunted. Somehow we can't see how the two things can both be true. We are inclined, for ourselves, to say that the second is the more truthful, and to believe that the first is mere windy abuse, to catch the ears of the groundlings. We will say nothing of the mental calibre of a man who could be influenced by such caterwauling.

The attempt to assume that social conditions regulate the rate of wages is absurd and ridiculous. They have no effect upon it. The state of the case can be summed up in a few words:

Workingmen in industrial pursuits get higher wages in the United States than in England, because the protective tariff stands like a wall to prevent the introduction of goods made in what our free trade contemporary admits to be the "working slave shops of Great Britain."

To destroy the protective feature of the tariff simply means that these goods will come into direct competition with American goods. Then, one of two things must happen: Either manufacturers of the latter must shut up their mills and factories, and discharge their thousands of workmen, or the latter must submit to such a reduction of wages as will put them on an equality with the aforesaid "working slaves."

This is manifestly true, because the two principal elements of the first cost of any product are, first, the cost of the raw material, and, second, the cost of the labor necessary to convert it into the finished product. The item of labor is the one which causes the higher cost of production in this country, because in all lines of industry Americans get higher wages than their English brethren.

A comparison is necessary between the labor conditions of the two countries in considering the tariff question, because Great Britain is the greatest manufacturing country in the world, and the one whose goods, made in "working slave shops," would come into direct competition with those made by honest, better-paid American labor. "The poor editorial fools" who dare not face this fact, to quote our free trade contemporary, "haven't sense enough to reason, or fairness to admit" that where there is direct competition between the products of two countries, the one that produces the cheapest goods, no matter how illy paid the workingmen, will win, because the majority of mankind will buy the lowest-priced goods, irrespective of where or how they are produced.

THE Pittsburg *Leader*, a daily newspaper, followed the BLADE'S example, and tried a Presidential vote, with the difference that it asked for preferences from both Democrats and Republicans. The total vote was 8,011, with the following for the principal candidates:

Blaine	2,021
Cleveland	2,532
Lindoln	729
Sherman	563
Conkling	366
D. B. Hill	96

For second choice for the Presidency, the the following figures are significant:

Robert T. Lincoln	1,485
John Sherman	1,325

THE struggle between CLEVELAND and Governor HILL, of New York, for popularity in that state is childish, and, to say the least, disgraceful to men occupying their positions. CLEVELAND offered a $10 gold piece for triplets, to be exhibited at a certain county fair in the western part of New York state. Now Governor HILL trumps it with a prize of $25 to the best pair of colored twins. Such actions serve to disgust sensible men, and both these distinguished demagogues will lose more than they will gain, if it is to be hoped.

THE Boston *Journal* puts GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS'S address before the Civil Service Reform league into a nutshell thus:

Mr. Cleveland is a better man than his party, but his party is a bigger man than Mr. Cleveland.

And the mugwumps support the party for the sake of a single man—and it is not certain, either, that CLEVELAND is better than his party. We have only Mr. CURTIS'S word for it.

THE Louisville *Commercial* gives the following diagram of the decreasing Bourbon plurality in Kentucky, which is so plain that the most conservative mossback can not fail to understand it:

1876	62,510
1879	43,917
1880	42,754
1883	44,434
1884	34,839
1887	17,015

THE twenty-first national encampment of the G. A. R., at St. Louis, on September 28, 29 and 30, will probably be the most numerously attended one that has yet been held. The grand parade takes place on Tuesday, the 27th, and the attendance will be so large that only G. A. R. men, veterans of the late war, and Sons of Veterans, will be allowed to participate.

THE vote in Utah upon the proposed constitution framed by the Mormon constitutional convention was a small one. Not more than one fourth of the voters voted upon the question at all, and of those who did, almost all voted in the affirmative. The Gentiles refrained from voting. The fight will now be transferred to the halls of Congress.

THE official returns of the Texas election come in but slowly. But 124 of the 156 counties of the state have been heard from, and the majority they give against the Prohibition amendment is 88,505. Of the 124, there were 29 counties giving majorities for the amendment, ranging from one vote in Greer to 1,101 in Fannin county.

WE received this morning a letter, the envelope of which bore the following poetical address:

The Toledo BLADE, Toledo—
Ohio is the state—
Where politicians, great and small,
Do often congregate.

THE pseudo-science of phrenology has lost its strongest and most renowned advocate, Prof. O. S. FOWLER, who died at his home in Connecticut on August 18. He was 78 years old.

HERE'S a significant little item from the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette:*

"Robert T. Lincoln for President," is a frequent paragraph in Republican papers just now.

THE IRISH LEAGUE PROCLAIMED.

The Tory government has "proclaimed" the Irish National League—that is, the latter is declared illegal under the Crimes act, and its suppression is ordered. The section of this act under which this was done reads as follows:

If the lord lieutenant is satisfied that any association is formed for the commission of crimes, or carrying on operations for or by the commission of crimes, or encouraging and aiding persons to commit crimes, or promoting and inciting acts of violence or intimidation, or interfering with the administration of the law, or disturbing the maintenance of law and order, exists in any part of Ireland, the lord lieutenant, by and with the advice of the privy council, may from time to time by proclamation declare to be dangerous any such association or associations named or described in such proclamation.

The legal effect of such proclamation may be learned from the next succeeding section, which is as follows:

From and after the date of such special proclamation and as long as the same continues unrevoked or unexpired, the Lord Lieutenant in Council may from time to time, by an order to be published in the prescribed manner, prohibit or suppress in any district specified in the order, any association which he believes to be a dangerous association. From and after the date of such order, and during the continuance thereof, every assembly of meeting of such association, or of members of it as such members, in the specified district, shall be an unlawful association, and every person calling together a meeting of such association in the specified district or any members thereof as such members, or knowingly taking part in such meeting, or publishing with a view of promoting the objects of such association any notice of the calling together of any such meeting, or the proceedings at such meeting, or contributing, receiving, or soliciting in the specified district, any contribution for the purposes of such association, or in any way taking part in the proceedings thereof in the specified district, or of any branch or meeting of it in such district, shall be guilty of an offense and may be prosecuted before the Court of Summary Jurisdiction under this act. In this section the term association includes any combination of persons whether the same is known by any distinctive name or not. The Lord Lieutenant in Council may from time to time, wholly or in part, revoke any order made under this section.

As will be noted by a reading of this last section, the law is sweeping and all-embracing. It practically prevents all public meetings in the greater part of Ireland. But can the proclamation be enforced? We fancy not. This step has sounded the death-knell of the Tory government. In the face of the tremendous reaction in the English constituencies in favor of GLADSTONE and his Parnellite allies, the act was a bit of supreme foolishness. It will cause secessions from the Unionist ranks to those of the Irish party. Already English Liberal members of Parliament are joining the Irish National league to emphasize their opposition, and several of them announce their intention to go to Ireland in order to show adherence to the cause of Home Rule in the most unqualified way.

The law will be evaded, and the meetings of the active members go on as before. The assumption that the organized work of agitation can be prevented by any government proscription, at this stage of British and Irish politics, is altogether foolish; and in spite of the haste of the English conservative organs to commend the proclamation of the league, it is plain enough that nobody supposes that the league's work will not go on. The government's action brings the consummation of Irish Home Rule one step nearer, because it will help on by new proofs the conviction in England that coercion is useless and foolish. Mr. GLADSTONE said the other day, "It is to be lamented that years of the precious legislative life of the country should have been spent in a controversy which can only end in one way." But this futile attempt will bring that inevitable end all the sooner.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

THE Methodist Episcopal church has lost one of the strongest of the "old guard" by the death of Rev. Dr. DANIEL CURRY, who has gone to his grave full of years and of honors. Born in 1808, he graduated in 1837, and entered the ministry. In 1840 and '41 he had charge of an academy at Macon, Ga., but soon after this the feeling against the abolitionists at the South rose to such a point, that at the division of the church in 1844, Dr. CURRY, who used his voice and his pen against slavery to the full extent of his power, returned North, and for some years his work lay in and about New York. In 1855 he was made president of the Indiana Asbury university, now Du Pauw university, and held the position two years. Dr. CURRY was prominent as an author and an editor, having had charge of the *Christian Advocate* and the *Methodist Magazine*, being in charge of the latter at the time of his death. Two brothers are living—one Judge JOHN CURRY of the Supreme court of California, and the other JAMES CURRY, of Evanston, Ill.

THERE is a wide variation among the estimate of the present year's corn crop. The maximum estimate is 1,700 million bushels, and the minimum 1,300 million. The department of Agriculture places it at about 1,690 million bushels. A conservative compromise estimate would be about 1,450 million bushels. This crop will follow the yield of 1,635 million bushels in 1885, which was 310 million bushels less than the yield of 1885. The drouth of 1881 resulted in a yield of 1,170 million bushels, but this followed a yield in 1880 of 1,754 millions. The two years preceding 1881 produced 3,475 million bushels, and the two years preceding 1887, 3,580 millions, but the yield in the year immediately preceding 1887 was about 120 millions less than the year last preceding 1881. The consumption of the country has the vast increase of six years' growth to count against, and the relative position of the over supply of old corn, and the latter is probably much lighter than in 1881.

THE weather has been doing better. There have been frequent rains all over the territory affected by the drouth. Though they are not in time to save large percentages of the corn crop and vegetable crops from utter loss, they have, however, revived that large part which still had a residuum of life and recuperative power. The revival of the grass crops is one of the more substantial benefits which may result in a large saving of the depleted resources of the farmers in grain.

PROF. SPENCER F. BAIRD, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and United States commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, died on August 19. He was the victim of overwork and consequent mental exhaustion. He was in his 65th year, and had held his position in the Smithsonian for 37 years.

ALVAN CLARK, of Cambridge, Mass., the widely-known manufacturer of astronomical instruments, is dead, aged 83 years. He is said to have given to the world the best astronomical instruments ever made—his glasses being of superior quality and power to any heretofore made.

THE general business of the country is extremely quiet.

MR. BLAINE'S HEALTH.

We publish elsewhere a Washington letter from the New York *Evening Sun*, which is devoted to a discussion of MR. BLAINE'S conduct regarding the Presidential campaign of 1888. It is of course to be read with the clear understanding that it is a Democratic letter to a Democratic newspaper. But the main statements in the body of the article are sustained by our own knowledge of the facts in the case.

That MR. BLAINE has not, in any manner, intimated that he will or will not be a candidate for the Republican nomination next year, we believe to be true. And we know that this reticence is, to some extent, due to the state of his health. He is not certain that he will be able to stand the tremendous mental and physical strain which the campaign would involve, were he to be nominated. His European tour was taken primarily on account of his health; and we have no doubt that whether he will be a candidate before the Republican national convention next year will depend very largely upon his physical condition upon his return.

In view of these facts—for we have every reason to believe them strictly correct—the true value of the vast amount of labor that has already been expended in vain imaginings by a large number of newspapers, as to MR. BLAINE'S intentions, is apparent to the reader. MR. BLAINE is personally making no effort looking to the Presidential nomination. Whatever feeling may have developed itself, whatever may have been done—as, for instance, the endorsement of BLAINE by the Pennsylvania Republican convention—has been the spontaneous work of his admirers in the Republican ranks.

The state endorsement business has already been discounted. There is not going to be a "whoop and hurrah" nomination next year. The national convention will find that the most important question before it will be, not "who can be nominated?" but, "who can be elected?" Endorsements that mean nothing, booms engineered by interested politicians, and the like, will be at a discount. The election of a Republican President is a far more important matter to the nation than the personal triumph of any one man in capturing the convention.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

BUYING BONDS.

The *National Republican* is decidedly wrong in the argument it makes that the government really loses money by the purchase of bonds by the government. It figures the matter correctly thus: The secretary of the Treasury bought $260,000 of 4½ bonds at 110. Hence they cost $286,000. Now, had this $260,000 of bonds run on until they were due, September 1, 1791, the following is an itemized account of what the government would have had to pay:

Principal	$260,000
Interest, 4½ per cent, 4 years	46,800
Total	$306,800
What actually was paid	286,000
Profit to government	$ 20,800

The above calculation by the *Republican* is all right and expresses the exact facts in the case. But the *Republican* then goes on to blunder as follows:

But money is always worth interest. Secretary Fairchild recognized this in the circular he issued proposing to pay interest in advance and buy bonds, so that placed the rate of interest at 2 per cent. per annum by requiring a rebate at that rate when he paid interest in advance. Now let us calculate what these bonds cost, taking the secretary's own rate of interest as a basis, and see what the profit is.

And then it goes into an elaborate calculation, counting interest on the money, and figures out a loss of $4,420 to the government.

The blunder is in assuming that "money is always worth interest." This $286,000 was lying in the treasury, and probably would have laid there until 1891. Money in the treasury is *not* "worth interest," from the fact that there is no way for the government to get interest on it. It is against all sound financial policy for a government to loan money; and without so doing, there is no possible way for the money in the treasury to earn interest. Money in the owner's pocket brings him nothing. He has loan it to get any interest. Hence the *Republican's* argument rests on a fallacy, and is worthless. The bond-buying business is sound, and rests on the plain business principle that when you have money which you cannot otherwise use, it is best employed buying in your own paper and stopping the interest. The government made a net profit of $20,800 by buying that $260,000 of its own bonds, and Secretary FAIRCHILD did a wise thing in buying them. Let him go right on in the same line.

THE fact has come to light that, through the carelessness of Democratic officials in the General Land office in the matter of certifying the accounts of certain government surveyors, duplicate payments amounting to many thousands of dollars have been made—the sum of $70,000 having been erroneously paid on California accounts alone. Now that the money has been paid, the officials are making an effort to discover who received the extra sums, and to find out just who are responsible for the payments. There appears to be considerable looseness in the manner in which business is transacted in certain bureaus of the Treasury department under the present administration, notwithstanding the extravagant promises of "reform" which were made by the Democrats in 1884, contingent upon their being placed in power. Democrats are unexcelled and easily beat the record in the matter of making promises, but when it comes to performance—well, that is altogether another thing.

THE Detroit *Evening News*, in the course of an editorial, remarks:

The advice of Nasby to young people about to marry was: Don't. This is also good advice to those European governments who are aching to pick a quarrel with Russia.

The BLADE wishes to correct the *lapsus memoriæ* in the first sentence. It was the London *Punch* which gave the famous "advice to persons about to marry." There is a legend that THACKERAY was its author, and that he received £5 for his one-line witticism. Mr. NASBY probably would have said it, if somebody hadn't been beforehand in the matter. *Punch* published it in 1854 or '55, long before the famous Cross Bonds statesman appeared in the literary field.

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND is getting aristocratic. She is endeavng to construct a pedigree for her husband. Last week she wrote to the Register of Beaver county, Pennsylvania, for some information regarding a branch of the CLEVELANDS which settled in that region, and stated that she is "getting up a genealogical tree of the President's family." We doubt if CLEVELAND has a pedigree. He is not a thoroughbred.

THE Sunday School *Times*, in a recent issue, makes the following excellent point:

Many people seem to think that the highest compliment they can pay to a dead friend is to say that "he never spoke against any body." But men sometimes are wrongly silent concerning the evil in others, in order that they may not condemn the same evil in themselves or from some other unworthy motive.

AN ARTFUL DODGER.

A small political prohibition paper published under the name of the *Pioneer*, takes up a recent article of the BLADE'S, in which our reasons for not supporting that political party were set forth at some length, and makes a rejoinder thereto. We use the word "rejoinder" advisedly; for the article referred to was in no sense an answer to the BLADE'S reasons.

This rejoinder is an excellent proof that our characterization of the general run of third party organs was correct; for the writer sets at defiance the well-known principle of journalistic ethics that forbids the mis-statement of an opponent's position. That we may not be charged with following the vile example in this respect which the *Pioneer* sets, we will give the points of its rejoinder to the BLADE'S article:

It first says the BLADE omits one more argument, viz: that for us to advocate political prohibition "would not pay." It says:

As one of the more prominent organs of the leading party at the North, the BLADE is an influential and important newspaper, with a circulation of 107,000 copies. But if it should nail its colors to the mast for a hill to hill battle with the democratic Moloch in the political arena, it would find its circulation fall off probably one-half.

Then it declares that the BLADE'S chief reason for opposing a third party is, that it is too small to accomplish anything. Having thus created for itself a position, the *Pioneer* proceeds to argue the question.

In regard to the first point, we may say that the financial question does not enter into the matter in any way. We earnestly advocate Prohibition, and if we thought a separate political party devoted to this issue were the best plan of reaching that end, we should unhesitatingly advocate it. We lost all the subscribers to the Weekly BLADE who were devoted to the Rum Power years ago, when we took up the Prohibition battle. We felt that we were in the right, and took the side of Right, irrespective of any financial consideration. This, we think, is a clear proof that we are not actuated by any such sordid motive as is ascribed to us. We have no idea that there would be any great falling off should we support the third party; but whether there should be many or few, if we believed that to do so would be to really aid the cause of Prohibition, we should take the step, irrespective of consequences.

As to the second point: The statement is untrue that our chief assigned reason for not believing in the plan of separate political action is, that the third party is too small to do any good.

Here are our reasons in brief, reproduced in the order they were given in the article which brought out the rejoinder we are considering—and which the *Pioneer* had not the common honesty to give:

First—We do not believe that Prohibition can be reached by a separate political party, based on that issue, because—

1.—What has been done in the way of Prohibition has been accomplished without its aid.

2.—That so far the third party has spent its efforts in trying to destroy the two great parties, instead of educating the people up to Prohibition.

Second—That a third party is not necessary, because Prohibition is gaining ground steadily; and that this is not in consequence of anything the third party does, because it is in so great a minority it is not able to do anything.

Third—That a political party, devoted to the single issue of Prohibition, is impractical. Proof:

Experience shows that the vast majority of the voters of the two great parties put a greater value on the issues dividing those parties than upon Prohibition. We merely state this as a fact. They will vote for Prohibitory measures, but not with a different political party. We gave convincing illustrations of this fact—and a stubborn fact, that cannot be argued away, it is, too.

Fourth—Prohibitory laws are as well enforced as any other restrictive laws wherever they are in effect; therefore, the plea that this cannot be done unless third-party officials are put in power, is false. We gave abundant illustrations of this, also.

Therefore—

If Prohibition is making satisfactory progress on non-partisan lines;

If the hundreds of thousands of Prohibitionists in the ranks of the

JAMES G. BLAINE.

NOBODY KNOWS HIS SENTIMENTS

Regarding the Campaign of 1888—He is a Sick Man, and Has Said Not One Word Regarding the Presidency.

The Washington special of the New York *Evening Sun* has some interesting gossip concerning Mr. Blaine, from which the following extracts are taken:

The news that has been current here for a day or two among the few able Republican politicians who happen to be here is somewhat startling, and an opportunity has been given your correspondent to learn just what it is.

First, respecting the purposes of Mr. Blaine. Some of his most intimate friends, those who would be likely to know what his plans are if anybody does, have been putting their heads together since he went away. They approached each other cautiously. Each one of them has felt that it was strange that Mr. Blaine had in no way given any hint of his plans to them. Some of them had been repulsed by Blaine when they approached the subject of his renomination, and among them all a feeling had grown that Blaine was not giving confidence to any of his friends.

When they came to compare notes and found, little by little, that the experience of one was the experience of all, they asked each other what it meant. So far as any of the members of the national committee or such of his intimates as have spoken know, he has not breathed a word to a person respecting his wishes or plans for 1888. He went to Europe declining to speak of the matter at all. Judge Robertson was astonished to see Blaine put up his hands warningly when he tentatively approached the subject. A few days before Blaine sailed, Charles Emory Smith, who has since 1880 regarded himself as specially near Blaine, could not get a word out of him, and his friends now frankly admit to one another that they do not know whether he wants to run again, or whether he will permit his name to go before the convention.

Steve Elkins has been very closely watched, and some of the shrewd men who have been with him declare that they are satisfied that even Elkins is in the dark about Blaine's plans, while a remark that has been dropped by Blaine's very near business associate and Elkins' relative by marriage and most intimate friend, ex-Senator Davis, that he didn't believe Blaine knew whether he would be a candidate or not, tends to confirm the impression that he has kept every one of his friends in the dark about his purposes.

He has. He has done so purposely, and for the very best of reasons. Blaine doesn't know himself whether he will consent to be a candidate. He is just now concerned a great deal more about something else, and these are the reasons for this assertion:

A few days after Mr. Blaine sailed a very prominent Republican in one of the New England states met one of Mr Blaine's most intimate friends, perhaps, next to Joe Manley, the man whom Blaine reposes more of his scant confidence in than anybody else. This man carried a large part of the burden of the canvass of 1884. He is also an intimate friend of the New England Republican above referred to. In the conversation that followed Blaine's intimate spoke of some personal plans that he had for the summer of next year—a trip to Europe, I think. The New England Republican expressed his astonishment.

"Why, you can't be away next summer," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because you'll have Blaine's canvass to attend to."

And this was the reply, in the friend's exact words as near as they can be recalled:

I am very much afraid that I shall have no occasion to remain here on that account, and if Blaine is not nominated it makes very little difference to me, or to him, I suspect, what Republican is nominated. The fact is, Mr. Blaine doubts his health and I doubt it. I am very much afraid that he will find that he is a sick man who needs treatment, quiet, freedom from excitement and retirement, and he is disposed to be afraid of it, too. Blaine is very sensitive man about his health. He is almost morbidly so. A person can unnerve him completely by telling him that he looks badly, and there is no question that he at times suffers immensely from fits of depression. What I learn I fear that he is either in such a condition of health or belief that he will refuse to go into the canvass at all. This trip to Europe this year has no other purpose than to learn exactly what his bodily condition is, to build up his health, and if it succeeds in that he will be, I think, a candidate. But I know he is far more anxious about his health than he is about that nomination, and I am very, very dubious about his ever being a candidate again.

Now it is state of things that has caused that curious hesitancy and genuine ignorance which have characterized Blaine's old leaders, and which have caused so much private comment among the Republican politicians. They have been all at sea. There has been no masterly, though invisible, hand guiding and controlling them, as there was before 1884.

The men who then all over the country received hints and directions have been in the mist this year, and this explains such ill-considered antics as the Blaine Republicans in Ohio began to cut up over the proposal to indorse John Sherman.

This news surprises no politicians who have heeded it. There has been no vague suspicion that there was some good reason for the singular apparent indifference on Blaine's part, and there has been a fear that the stories that have crept out about Blaine's health have had some foundation.

It is because they have not known what to do to head it off that the Blaine leaders have witnessed passively the sowing of portentous symptoms of revolt and desire to beat Blaine in the convention that have been too visible of late. Chatting with a gentleman of prominence in the party, lately the Speaker of the lower house in a Northern state, and in 1884 a strong Blaine man, he said:

I notice a reaction; yes, an ominous reaction, especially among the leading Republican politicians, against the Blaine sentiment. Whether it comes from Blaine's own withdrawal from all participation in politics, or from a fear that he had his chance in 1884 and lost it, and did her fair best to win again, I don't know. But the fact remains. There is a reaction. I am told that Tom Platt in New York, is by no means anxious to see Blaine nominated, though he is prepared to lead his organization in that direction if the tide sets that way next spring. And there is no doubt that the majority of the working politicians of Ohio are against Blaine now, whatever pretenses they may make.

Others say that is a good thing, and it is the general impression that no man's personal popularity is great enough to win him a nomination unless he is vigilant. Eternal vigilance is as much the price of a nomination for President as of liberty, and no man, except a military hero, can get a nomination unless he controls the politicians.

Governor Curtin thinks Blaine is in much the same condition now that Seward was in 1860. There seemed no doubt of Seward's nomination. His popularity was as great with the young party as Blaine was in 1884. Yet Governor Curtin, who was a candidate for governor of Pennsylvania in 1860, said to the Pennsylvania delegation, "If you nominate Seward you are beaten for governor of Pennsylvania in October. If I am beaten in October, the Republican party is beaten in November." And the politicians saw the force of the argument. They conferred, threw over the popular candidate because they feared he would be beaten if nominated, and nominated the available Lincoln.

Republican politicians, even those who would rejoice in Blaine's election, are beginning to doubt, and no one but a fool politician had rather see the party beaten with Blaine heading the ticket than success with some less popular, less magnetic man. The politicians do not like Blaine less, but they like victory better, and every moment he stays away nursing his hypochondria, or liver or kidneys he strengthens the belief of politicians that he would be nominated to be whipped again. There is only one man who can counteract this impression, and that is Blaine himself, and he is drinking the cathartic waters of Hamburg now.

The politicians intend to nominate the man who will win, if they can find him, and it is going to be a politician's game from this on; and it is plain that, much as some of the politicians dislike Bob Lincoln, they confess the enormous availability of his name, while others are for testing the magnetism of Phil Sheridan's name.

AN EMPHATIC PROTEST.

Not the Colored Vote that Defeated the Texas Amendment.

EDITOR BLADE:—The great struggle for state Prohibition in Texas is over. The world knows the result. The struggle was a hard one; friend was arrayed against friend, and brother against brother. And on August 4, the "Antis," with a tremendous rush, fell upon the "Pros" and carried off the palm of victory. Now the leading temperance journals in every state, religious and political, third party, and otherwise, are holding up to the world, the cause of the defeat of Prohibition in the state. And it is a burning shame that we poor "ignorant negroes" have to bear the blame. I think when the people of the nation fully understand the cause of the defeat of the Prohibition amendment, the colored people will be exonerated.

There was developed in the last gubernatorial campaign quite a state prohibition following under the leadership of Col. E. L. Dohoney, calling on the legislature to submit an amendment prohibiting the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors in the state. To satisfy those few dissatisfied Democrats, Gov. Ross recommended that an amendment be submitted to the people. The Democratic legislature did so. After the resolution was adopted, and the amendment was before the people, Gov. Ross recommended that it be defeated; and the Democratic party marched out upon the field, almost in solid ranks, and did as their governor told them to do. It is an outrage to say it was defeated by the "ignorant negroes."

Had the colored voters in the state been disfranchised the amendment would have been defeated by almost the same majority. The people forget that such men as Governor Ross, ex-Governors Thockmorton and Ireland, Senator Coke, Congressman R. Q. Mills, Attorney General Hogg, B. Gibbs, and scores of other prominent Democratic leaders, were against the amendment, and they are the ones who led the rank and file of the Democratic party to the polls on election day and defeated the amendment; and it is a falsehood to say that it was the ignorant negroes, frightened by the scare-crow of another slavery, who defeated it.

These eminent statesmen taught their hearers that it was un-Democratic, that the foundation stone of our great nation was local self-government, and that the immortal Jefferson was against sumptuary laws. Moreover, they quoted President Cleveland as against sumptuary laws, and distributed by the thousands copies of a letter written by Jeff Davis, calling upon his old friends in Texas to vote the amendment down. Those are the causes of the defeat, and it's a wilful perversion of facts to say it was the "ignorant negroes" who defeated it.

There are thousands and multiplied thousands of poor white voters in Texas, from the hills of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, who are just as ignorant as the most ignorant negro, and the natural sons of whisky and the Democratic party; and they are the ones who defeated prohibition.

Reagan, Maxey, Culberson and Lightfoot are held up as the great temperance advocates of the state (and so they are; but they failed to carry their own districts for the amendment, because they had adopted ideas in advance of their party, and their teachings failed to secure for them their old time majorities.

Now, Mr. Editor, I write this to your paper believing that you are a friend to the colored people, and to let this world know through it, that the colored voter is not altogether responsible for the defeat of the amendment.

The colored ministers left their pulpits, the teachers their school-rooms and advocated the cause of Prohibition as patriotic Christian citizens. And be it said to the credit of the man in black, that the better class of colored men, or about one-third of them, voted for the amendment. To accuse the whole race of defeating it is a burning shame.

E. M. DALE.

AFRAID TO TOUCH IT.

The Tariff Likely to Go Unchanged After All—How the Buying in of 4 1-2s Gives an Opportunity of Getting Rid of Some of the Surplus.

Washington special.

The prompt offer of several million 4½ per cent bonds at $1.10 causes quite a change in public sentiment here as to the prospect of a tariff revision by the next Congress. There has been a feeling that a reduction of the revenue would be positively necessary in order to keep the surplus from piling up and all the money in the country getting into the treasury. But now that it is discovered that these bonds can be bought at $1.10, the positive demand for legislation to reduce the revenue has disappeared.

These bonds are payable four years hence. The interest on them for four years at four and one-half per cent, will amount to eighteen cents on each dollar. If they can now be bought at $1.10, instead of having to pay $1.18 in principal and interest during the next four years on every one of them, why not do it? That is the way people are thinking and talking now. A saving of eight cents on each dollar of the $250,000,000 would be a saving of $20,000,000.

It has been looked upon as a very dangerous thing for the party in power to attempt a revision of the tariff just before the opening of a Presidential campaign. Touch the tariff ever so tenderly and you are sure to disturb a large slice of the business interests of the country. Let the business interests of the country be in a disturbed condition, and the party in power must suffer because of it. There is no good reason for it, but it follows nevertheless. So there is a willingness all around on the part of the Democrats to postpone the day of tariff revision until after the day of the Presidential election at least.

Most of them favor a removal of the tobacco tax, which would cut off about $30,000,000 a year income. A good many would favor a reduction of the tariff if it could be had without a family row, but to get up a repetition of the scenes and illfeelings of last Congress, it is admitted all around, would be bad policy. And there seems to be no prospect that a tariff fight would be more fruitful of good results than that last session. Of course, there will be talk of tariff revision and plenty of bills introduced to that effect, but there is a growing feeling that none will be actually made, at least in the present session.

The low rate at which the four-and-a-half per cent bonds are offered is quite a surprise. There was a fear that any attempt to buy them up might be a signal for a general advance in prices of this class of securities, but the low figure at which they have been offered has been a surprise. It seems not improbable that 1891, the date at which they fall due, may find not a single one of them left for presentation; and, with the four-and a-half bonds so easily disposed of, perhaps a way may be devised to fund the four per cents, due in 1907, giving in exchange fifty-year bonds at, say, about two and a half per cent. interest.

WHY CLEVELAND IS WEAKER.

N. Y. Tribune.

1. Mr. Cleveland is weaker, first, because he has failed to keep his pledges to citizens who wanted a non-partisan civil service. This failure is laboriously excused by the professional reformers, but even by them is yet sadly admitted.

2. He is weaker because he has declared hostility to the cause of protection, to which he was induced to pretend adherence in a speech just before the election in 1884. He was told that he must make such a speech or defeated; his course as President has warned manufacturers and workmen alike that protection of home industry cannot be expected to continue if he can gain re-election with a Congress to support him.

3. He is weaker because he has kindled the intense hostility to him and his administration of those who resent British influence in American government. The course of the secretary of state and of Minister Phelps, the treatment of the fishery question and of the extradition question, have vastly increased the number of those who will vote next time to secure an American administration for the country.

4. He is weaker because his appointments have offended most of the active workers of his party. That was inevitable, in any case, since he could not appoint more than a small fraction of those who wanted office. But he has contrived to make Mr. Manning and other friends of Mr. Tilden his enemies, to affront his party by flagrant nepotism and personalism in many appointments, and at the same time to anger it by pretences of virtuous devotion to reform, when urged to appoint any party worker not personally devoted to himself.

5. He is weaker because he has insulted Union men, and especially the veterans of the loyal service, by his pension vetoes, his order to surrender rebel flags, and his selection of the most conspicuous traitors for high honor and trust.

6. He is weaker because he has disappointed the hopes of honest Democrats for a genuine improvement of the public service. Garland and Lamar sit in his Cabinet. Sparks and Hubbard are the worthy men to hold high places. The public service is not better, but far more corrupt and fealty than it was before pretence of reform according to Cleveland began.

Pussy's Predicament.

A kitten was recently in a dilemma. She sat upon a large, fresh sheet of sticky fly paper in somebody's kitchen. Not knowing what was the matter, she suddenly got up tipped over a chair and coal hod and fled, by squeezing through a sitting room window, which was open several inches, in the street she dashed along in circles, the yellow sheet still sticking to her side. Growing more frightened at the extra summer clothing upon half of her body, she leaped again toward the house. There a young girl laughed and pulled with all her strength. Plenty of hair came out before the fly paper let go its grip. Then the kitten had to take a bath and be scrubbed before she was at all comfortable. It was several days before her glossy hair could be combed apart by the children.

Deliver Us from Him.

There is nothing more trying to the nerves than to associate with a person who has cultivated such an exalted frame of mind that he no longer admits his ability to do wrong. His egotism removes him beyond human sympathy and the knowledge of human passions.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

A Talk With the Man that Captured Him.

Capt. Ed Doherty, the man who commanded the expedition which captured John Wilkes Booth, has lately received a government appointment as Indian post-trader in Dakota. He is a tall, straight, broad-shouldered man of 46 years. He has a dark complexion inclined to be florid, a broad, open face, a high forehead, and hair as black as a piece of cannel coal. He talks well, and chats very entertainingly about his experiences at the time of the assassination. He told me the story of Booth's capture not long ago.

Said he, "Twenty one years ago! It does not seem as many days. The scenes of that time are photographed on my memory. I was sitting in Lafayette Park talking with a brother officer. It was my day off, and I was rejoicing my soul in the bright rays of the spring sun. The trees had begun to leaf. The first flowers were out in the park, and the grass was of its greenest. My friend and myself were talking to a couple of ladies, when an orderly came up and gave me a message. It was to report to Col. Baker immediately. When I reached Col. Baker's headquarters I was directed to take 25 men and proceed on the track of Booth to Fredericksburg. A very short time after this I had my detail at the Sixth street wharf at Washington; there I found a steamboat, the John S. Ide, ready to carry us to Belle Plaine. Here we left the boat, and landing our horses, we struck across to the Rappahannock at Port Conway. At the house by the ferry we questioned the people, and finally got them to admit that the men we were in search of had passed onward. They had been met there by three of Mosby's men, Bambridge, Ruggles and Jett, and had gone with them on to Garrett's and Bowling Green. The keeper of the house told us that he was accustomed to guide people to Bowling Green, but that Jett was in love with the daughter of a tavern keeper there, and he had offered to guide them, as he was going that way. Harold was a friend of Jett's and he told the men that Booth had killed the President and wanted to get on South. In a short time Booth came up on his crutch. It seems that he had not been with Harold at this time, and he acknowledged to these men of Mosby's that he was the President's assassin. The party then went on towards Bowling Green.

"Between Port Conway and Bowling Green lies the Garrett farm. Its buildings were not far from the road, consisting of an old frame house with a barn and outbuildings. When the party reached this house Booth stopped and was allowed to remain over-night, while Herold continued on to Bowling Green with the rest of the party. We left Port Conway and rode on towards Bowling Green. As we did so we passed the Garret house, and I learned after that Booth saw us as we passed. He was looking out of the window as we came up, and he snatched his carbine and yelled to Garrett to bring him his pistols. We passed on, however, without knowing this, and reached Bowling Green. I found there that Herold had left, but that Jett was sleeping in the tavern. I went up to Jett's room, and told him that I knew all about his doings during the past few days; that I was going to catechise him, and if I found him lying we would take him out and hang him. He was badly frightened and confessed that he had been with Booth, and consented to guide us back to Garrett's farm, where Booth had stopped. We then started back to Garrett's, and reached there in the early morning. We surrounded the place, and I went up to the door and knocked loudly upon it. In a moment the old man Garrett appeared, in very light attire, carrying a candle. He told me that the man I described had been there, but that after the cavalry had passed he had taken his crutch and hobbled off to the woods. In the meantime men had been hunting about the place, and one of them called out to me that he had a man in his corn crib. I went to the crib and found Booth. Garrett's son, who said he was there to watch the men in the barn, fearing that they might steal the horses. I thus found that Booth and Harold were in the barn. Harold had returned from Bowling Green to Garrett's. We surrounded the barn, and Boston Corbett was stationed at a place where there was a hole in the wall about two feet square. As soon as we surrounded the barn we heard men moving about in the hay.

"I told Booth that I knew it was he, and we carried on a short conversation before he was shot. He first asked:

"'Who are you? You may be my friends.'

"On my answering, he replied: 'I am a cripple, and alone. Give me a chance for my life. Draw your men up at 50 paces, and I will come out and fight you.'

"I replied that I did not come there to fight. I said, 'I came here to capture you. I have fifty men, and propose to do it.'

"About this time he said, 'There is a man here who wants to surrender a right hand,' and with that the boy Herold came out. As Herold left, Booth made a movement as though to raise his carbine, and Boston Corbett fired. The ball struck Booth just behind his ear, in about the same place where he struck the President. The bullet lodged in a vertebræ of the neck, and this part of his anatomy was afterwards cut out, and the bone with the ball in it was kept in the Medical Museum at Washington. Just before Corbett fired the straw at the back of the barn was lit by a detective, and as the blaze leaped upward I rushed up and seized Booth, throwing my arms around his waist under his uplifted arms, and dragged him out of the burning barn. We carried him to the porch of the Garrett farm house, and he died within a few hours.

"We sent for a doctor, but he could do nothing. Booth's intellect was clear, but he was in great agony. He did not deny his crime. The only expression that he made was, 'Useless! useless!' He did not say, 'I died for my country!' nor, 'Tell mother,' as has been reported. At one time I offered him some water, and at another time brandy. He refused the brandy, but took the water. He could not swallow from a cup, and I soaked a towel and gave it to him to suck. Notwithstanding Booth's rough travels, his clothes were at this time neat and clean. He had a fine physique, was tall and dark-faced. He had shaved off his mustache since he had left Washington, but his face was rough, as he had not used a razor for several days. His leg was in splints, and the flesh was black. He had hobbled around on a crutch of pine which a servant of Dr. Mudd's had, I think, whittled out for him. After he died I took a horse-blanket, and, having got a needle from Miss Garrett, I then proceeded to sew it up. I then borrowed an old rickety wagon from a neighbor and carried him back to Belle Plaine, where the boat was still waiting for us, on the following morning. I delivered the body to a naval officer on the Montauk, near the navy-yard. It was buried in the Capitol Prison; but it was afterwards exhumed, and it now reposes, I think, at Baltimore."

"Do you think Booth would have allowed himself to be taken alive?"

"No, I do not. He had told Herold that he would fight to the death; and I am sure he meant what he said. The reward for his death of $75,000 was divided among his captors in the same way as a naval prize is divided. I received $7,500, and the men in the party got smaller amounts. They were chiefly young men from New York state, thrifty fellows, with a good deal of German blood in them. Most of them bought lands with their money, and are now well-to-do farmers with families."

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Peculiar Ways of Different Nations.

London Life calls attention to very peculiar differences in the customs of nations. Europeans uncover the head as a token of respect or reverence; Orientals never uncover it, and the Turkish ambassador is allowed to retain his fez even in the presence of Her Majesty. In church all men's heads are bare; in the synagogue it is considered wrong to remove the hat. In China to uncover the head is a mark of disrespect. To salute with the left hand is a deady insult to Mohammedans in the East, and for this the native commissioned officers of the Indian army in giving the military salute confined it to the sword held in the right hand without at the same time raising the left hand to the forehead, as in the ordinary English salute. Unlike our women who, when they go out, adorn themselves most carefully, Thibetan women, when leaving their houses, smear their faces over with a dark, sticky substance. It is said that they do so in compliance with a certain Lama, King Nomehkhan, in order to protect their morals by making them look ugly when in public. The Thibetans also put out the tongue as a sign of respectful salutation, and in similar contradictions to our own customs the Malays, the Fijians, Tongan and many other Polynesians always sit down when speaking to a superior. At Natavulu it is respectful to turn one's back toward a superior, especially when addressing him; and among the Wahuma, in Congo and in Central Africa the same custom prevails. The Todas of the Neilgherry hills show respect by raising the open right hand to the face and resting the thumb on the bridge of the nose.

They Take What They Can Get.

A Dakota farmer proposes to cure socialism by having the socialists take land. But they won't. They take beer.

Two of a Kind.

"Love makes the world go round," sings the poet. So does whisky.

BOB BURDETTE.

Some of the Joker's Latest Quips, from the Brooklyn Eagle.

PAYS FOR WHAT IT GETS.

A city church pays its choir $10,000 and its pastor $3,000 a year. Oh, well, maybe the singing is three times as good as the preaching. Or, there are some churches, like some sinners, who would rather be sung to sleep than preached awake.

AGES OF BIRDS.

The tiny little wren lives 3 years, the thrush 10, the lark 13, the common hen of commerce 10, the boarding house brand 75, the crow 100, and the English sparrow is immortal.

GIVE US A HARD ONE.

Wong Chin Foo, who has the whiskers of a tiger, whose waist is three miles round, and whose wit is the forest of pencils, asks in the *North American Review*, "Why am I a heathen?" Because, oh most wise and courtly mandarin, thou wast born a boy. Hadst thou been born a girl, thou wouldst have been a she, then. Send us the chromo. Or, hold; we'll take an ulster.

TRY ONE.

A medical plant, the gymnema sylvestre, is found in Assam, the leaves of which, being chewed, will destroy the taste of sugar. Ha; so will a mouthful of quinine. It will work out the same result, and moreover leave a new taste in place of the old one that will linger around the roof of the mouth for a week.

THE CHAMPION GIRL.

"So this is your birthday, is it, daughter?" asked old Judge Ictus, for it was he. "It is, papa," replied his daughter, for it was indeed no other. "And how old are you, my child?" asked Judge Ictus, for that was his name. "I am getting to be an old woman, papa," said the girl, shyly, "though I will always be your little girl. I am 22." Her father, for we can no longer conceal his identity from the reader, turned to the old family Bible and looked up with a proud smile. "Bless you, my daughter," he said, recognizing his child for the first time; "bless you, my daughter, you are the boss girl; this is the fourth time you have broken the record in three years."

THAT'S THE WAY TO TEACH 'EM.

The principal of an academy in New Jersey advertises in the city papers that he prepares boys for the bar, or col. Back ward boys taught pri." If you have a boy who is a little slow in his gram. or dilator. in his rith. or weak in his Lat. that you want to rush for a bus. posish. or a profesh., you should write to the princ. of this acad. for a circ. and a cat. containing terms and curric. The prof's head is lev.

HARD LINES FOR A BANKER.

Wong Chin Foo says "a Christian preacher makes more money in one year than a Chinese banker does in two." Then why doesn't the Chinese banker run a laundry? Or, why doesn't he preach? There are Christian preachers in America who only get $300 a year. No wonder there are so few bank robberies in China. A bank that doesn't make more than a preacher isn't worth running away with.

KINGLY GENEROSITY.

That was a beautiful incident, during the Kaiser William's visit to Essen. The emperor was greatly interested in the great steam hammer, and Herr Krupp praised the workman who has special charge of it. "Ackerman has a sure eye," he said; "a hand might be laid on the anvil, and he would stop the hammer at a hair's breadth." "Let us try," said the emperor, "but not with the human hand—try my watch." And he laid the royal timepiece, splendidly set with brilliants, on the anvil. Down came the immense mass of steel, weighing 7,000 tons, on the watch with a crash that shook the earth. Down fell Ackerman. "It has just struck 1," said Ackerman calmly, raising the great hammer, and showing them a small yellow spot on the anvil. But the Emperor would not take up the watch. "No," said the Kaiser, "keep it, Ackerman, keep the watch in memory of an interesting moment." The workman looked from the Kaiser to Herr Krupp, kindly, "if you are afraid to take it from the Emperor's hand." So saying he wiped the watch from the anvil with a piece of paper and passed on, after handing the paper to the hammer-man. Ackerman opened and read it. It was an order on the foreman, docking the unhappy man three weeks' pay. Thus do we see that the big hammer stories don't always run in smooth grooves.

WHEN SILENCE, LIKE A POULTICE, COMES.

"Father," said Rollo, "Do you think ministers should have such long vacations?" "How long?" asked Rollo's father. Rollo, knowing that his answer would be published, was strongly tempted to reply "So long," but seeing his father reaching up behind the sofa for a long, lithe, willowy rattan cane, popularly known in the household as the "chastisin' bail," he refrained and said, "Why a whole month." "A month isn't a bit too long," broke in Rollo's uncle George, "for some of 'em. Our minister ought to have six months, twice a year, and if I had my way, he'd get it, too."

ABREAST OF THE TIMES.

Modern civilization has its own forms of superstition and mystery. The railroad has scared away the brownies and fairies, but it has not destroyed the art of divination. Out in Illinois—and possibly in New York State, for aught we know—the girls believe that if a girl walks nine rails of a railway—lengthwise, of course—without falling off, the first man she speaks to after the walk will be her husband. We are grieved to say, for the guidance of girls in the city, that street railways don't count.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Say, do you know the conundrum to this one; she's a howler from Hepsidam: Because one is a commentary on the Gospels, and the other is a come and tarry on the acts. Huh?

HOW THINGS DO CHANGE.

Mr. Spurgeon says, "a wild goose never lays a tame egg." No, it never does; but then the egg will become tame, Mr. Spurgeon, if you keep it long enough. Tame? Insipid, sir, insipid. And rather that it will begin to grow wild again; wilder than ever; so wild that its own mother wouldn't recognize it. She wouldn't wan't to; she would want to disown it, as unfit for any use save to attend unpopular lectures.

LET'S GO BEHIND THE RETURNS.

You say, my son, that "you are better than your party." Oh, well; that's good enough so far as it goes, but it isn't enough. You're better than your party; a tramp with the smallpox may be that. What we want to know before building an altar to your political purity, is, how good is your party?

EASY AS LYING.

Woman in the dentist's chair—Oh, those horrid, cruel looking forceps! Won't they nearly kill me, doctor? Dentist—Madam, as I am a man of truth and honor, you won't feel them. Tooth comes out like a cedar knot. Woman shrieks blue rain and bloody murder. You wretched man, you said I wouldn't feel them!" Calm Dentist—Neither you didn't, that was the tooth you felt; forceps never hurt anybody.

A Table Made of Human Bodies.

In the Pitti Palace at Florence is a table which, for originality in the matter of construction and ghastliness in conception, is probably without a rival. It was made by Giuseppe Sagatti, who passed several years of his life in its manufacture. To the casual observer it gives the impression of a curious mosaic of marbles of different shades and colors, for it looks like polished stone. In reality it is composed of human muscles and viscera. No less than a hundred bodies were requisitioned for the material. The table is round, and about a yard in diameter, with a pedestal and four claw feet, the whole being formed of petrified human remains. The ornaments of the pedestal are made from the intestines, the claws with hearts, livers, and lungs, the natural color of which is preserved. The table-top is constructed of muscles artistically arranged, and it is bordered with upward of a hundred eyes, the effect of which is said to be highly artistic, since they retain all their lustre and seem to follow the observer. Sagatti died about 50 years ago. He obtained his bodies from the hospitals and indurated them by impregnation with mineral salts.

A Youthful Princess.

Nothing in all the morning of the jubilee service at Westminster Abbey was more effective and pretty, says *Truth*, than the entrance of Princess Feodore of Saxe-Meiningen, the granddaughter of the Crown Prince of Germany, and Queen Victoria's great granddaughter — a charming little girl of 8. She entered alone and walked up the nave, heralded by two of the lord chamberlain's myrmidons, and followed by a lady in waiting. She was dressed in white with pink ribbons, and a leghorn hat with a white feather.

The picture was in which she stalked up the abbey, bowing and smiling at every step, was inimitable, and it so charmed the assembly that every one rose to do her honor—an unexpected tribute which evidently delighted her. She is a very pretty and most intelligent looking child, and seemed as if she had stepped out of a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

A Child's Definition.

Little Alice on her visit to the country was walking with her father in the woods when she saw a snake for the first time, and said, "Oh, papa! there goes nothing with a tail!"

A LADY'S STORY.

Sitting in the pleasant parlor of her house in Saugerties, N. Y., Mrs. Catharine A. Wigram, a lady past seventy-five years, told to the writer the following story: I was suffering with a painful tumor, also with constipation and rheumatism, kidney trouble and dropsy. Forty days were in store for me; our best physician induced me to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I had not used quite a bottle before the

RHEUMATISM

in the hip and the Kidney and dropsical trouble was relieved. Considering my advanced age I am fairly well, and I am assured by my physician, and know for myself, that my recovery is honestly attributed to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I urge Dr. Kennedy personally, and had from the beginning all the more confidence in Favorite Remedy." Hon. Wm. F. Russell, president of the Saugerties National bank, and Mr. Chas. R. Kearney, Cashier of the same institution, say: "We are personally acquainted with Mrs. Wigram and believe all statements as she may make."

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Roudout, N. Y. All Druggists. $1; 6 for $5.

Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Roudout, N. Y., for Illustrated Book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

A Very Elaborate Alphabet.

It is reported of the Abyssinian alphabet that it consists of 208 characters, each of which is written distinctly and separately, like the letters of a European printed book. The labor required to write an Abyssinian book is therefore immense, and sometimes years are consumed in the preparation of a single volume. Mr. Cuzon, an English scholar, visited an Abyssinian monastery a few miles from Cairo and was surprised to find therein one of the most unique of libraries. In a room 20x20 feet, a number of long wooden pegs projected from the wall, and on them hung about fifty Abyssian books in manuscript. As the entire literature of Abyssinia does not include 100 volumes, the monks were proud of their library. Each book was bound in red leather or in boards, and enclosed in a case tied up with leather thongs. To this case was attached a strap for the convenience of carrying the volume over the shoulders, and by these straps the book were hung to the wooden pegs, three or four to a peg. The room thus fitted-up also contained a number of staves, for the monks to lean on at the time of prayer. In had the appearance of a guard room, where the soldiers had hung their knapsacks and cartridge boxes against the wall.

The "Stogie" Cigar.

The "stogie" is derived from the old Conestoga wagons, which used to be so numerous on the old national pike. The drivers of these wagons were in the habit of buying cheap, strong cigars, and, being heavy smokers, kept asking for a cheaper cigar than was then made. Over in Washington, Pa., a cigarmaker, in answer to this demand for cheaper cigars, evolved a long, slender roll of tobacco which he offered to the drivers at the rate of four for a cent. The new cigar became popular among the mail drivers and freighters, and was called the Conestoga cigar, abbreviated afterward to "stoga," and later to "stogie."

Publishers' Column.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We call attention to our new advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. Every particular is fully set forth in the advertisement. We desire to add, however, that we are prepared to ship machines at once, the very day we receive the order, and we are preparing to take care of heavy orders during the coming fall months.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage.

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare. No. I of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The newedition ,1887, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published nine different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decornte their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of nine	1 25

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

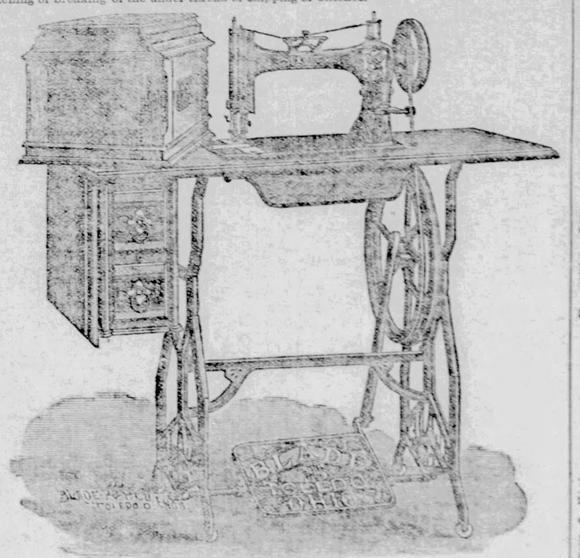
BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A GRAND IMPROVEMENT

IN THE

Blade Sewing Machine.

For several months we have had some of the best and most experienced Sewing Machine experts in the country at work on the Blade Sewing Machine. We are happy now to announce that the result is a WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT in the machine over the style previously made. We have changed and improved the Face Plate, Thread Guide, Lifter, Needle Bar, Needles, put in a new lined Shuttle Carrier and Shuttle to match it. But above all we have fitted anew Presser Foot, which entirely does away with the old Cloth Presser, Spring, Lifter and Wires around the Needle. These improvements still further simplify the operation of the BLADE MACHINE, render it much quieter, easier to thread and manage. In addition we have placed in each machine an automatic lubricator for the shuttle, so that with only a little occasional attention the shuttle and shuttle race oil themselves, thus there will be no wear on shuttles, and no catching or breaking of the under thread or skipping of stitches.



The above is a correct representation of the BLADE SEWING MACHINE, made by the Blade Company, at its own factory, for the sole purpose of breaking the crushing monopoly in the most useful of all domestic helps.

It is the simplest and most useful Sewing Machine ever put on the market.

It will do any and all the work that can be possibly wanted in any family.

It will sew heavy seams, or work from thin to thick goods better and easier than any other machine ever made.

It is a marvel of simplicity. It is light running, and the improved machine is very quiet.

It has a double upper feed, feeding equally on both sides of the needle, and does not pucker the lightest and softest goods, and is specially adapted for felt goods or going over heavy seams.

It has a new improved loose hand wheel, simple and always ready.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

THE BOYS' SIDE OF IT.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

The boys' side of it! That is what some one away out towards the setting sun, after reading the letter to "Dewdrop" in the BLADE of two or three weeks ago, writes to ask me to give. "What have you to say about the boys who offer these caresses to the girls without having earned the right to do so?"

There is much to say, but I suppose many of you will not agree with me. I hold it to be a shame that girls must be taught to keep themselves so utterly upon the defensive against the boys other than their own brothers, while the boys are left to pursue their own sweet will in nine cases out of every ten, without a word of restraint or caution. Parents will show them the meanness of lying, the sin of stealing, but they utter no word about the iniquity of corrupting their innocent girl companions, no word of caution about arousing and strengthening the passions in themselves which should sleep until a self-respecting manhood places the leash of self-control in their hands. The father does not tell his son how easy it will be for him to turn himself into something hardly better than a beast of prey. The mother will tremble as she looks upon her fair young daughter and thinks of the dangers that surround her, but she utters no word of warning to touch the heart of her boy and teach him to respect the purity of some other mother's daughter. In the one direction whence comes the greatest danger, the fences are all left down, and no effort is made to show the warm-hearted youth, with his pulses beating high, and his animal nature strong within him, that one of the most powerful enemies to his better self is likely to approach from that way.

A great deal is said about womanly weakness and manhood's strength, and yet the young are taught and treated as if the opposite were true. If sex gives strength, if young men, because they are men, are stronger than girls, why should they not be trained to use their power in holding themselves under control; why not be made to understand that it is a shame to be ruled by their passions; why not be taught to guard the honor and purity of their friend's sister as sacredly as that of one of their own family?

It is a false sentiment that holds a father from teaching his son how easily he may debase his nature for time and for eternity. He is no true friend to his boy who lets him go blindly on without showing him that purity of thought and action is as necessary for him as for his sister, and that the stronger the tiger appetite may be within him, so much the greater the glory of its conquering.

It is a false sentiment of society, too, that condones the sensual follies that grow into vices of young men because they must sow their wild oats. Not only is it a false sentiment but it is a degradation from the very beginning. There is no human being who does not find it easier to do evil, if good is not looked for from them, and society's attitude is distinctively one of expectation of wrong doing on the part of every young man. He is absolutely helped to immorality by the tone adopted in speaking of his offenses. It is little wonder that he goes astray when the purity of woman is made the subject of jest in his presence, and no word of rebuke is uttered by those who to him are a law. Little wonder is it that he is careless in his treatment of the girls whose innocence he has not been taught to respect.

Ah, if fathers and mothers would only impress it upon their boys that because they are strong, they must be self-controlled; that the highest manhood is that which holds itself pure, no matter how hotly the blood may rush through the veins; that it is possible to throttle the strongest passion into obedience and thus add to their own nobility of character, becoming better and stronger in everything that goes to make up the true man.

The brightest, bravest and most lovable boys are the ones most likely to go astray unless restrained by principle. They are those who oftenest tempt and are tempted, innocently at the first it may be, but ending in a wrong against others and a sin against their own higher manhood. They are the ones who caress and are caressed in return when they have no right to the one or the other. It is not the cold, selfish-natured boy that needs to be taught respect for the purity of woman. I can think now of one of the brightest, most generous, and manliest boys that I ever knew, who became a mental and physical wreck before he was 25 years through his sins against morality.

"The boys side of it." Ah, if each and every one of them could be made to feel that his side is to guard every girl as carefully as he would his own dearly loved sister; to honor her womanhood no matter how indifferent she may be in his eyes, as he would have that of his best beloved honored by others; to reverence her purity for his mother's sake, who is also a woman; never by word or look or careless touch to sully the whiteness of her thoughts and and make her less worthy the love of her prince when he shall appear; to keep his own life clean as he would have that of the ideal wife who is enshrined in his heart, to be made a reality sometime and somewhere—if each one felt this—the world would be an infinitely better place to live in.

If he could only realize that every light thought of woman leads to light and unworthy action; that every sin against womanhood sullies his own manhood; that if in thought, word or deed, he allows himself to be sensual, he is weakening his own moral, mental and physical forces; that in lowering the self-respect of another human being he is diminishing his own, and thus coarsening his own nature; if he could be made to realize all this while yet under the home influences, he would live a better and more honorable life in his own sight, as well as in that of others.

This is your side of it, boys. It is a shame to offer caresses to a girl who has no means of knowing whether they are your heart's pure promptings or only the passing whim of the hour, but which may provoke feelings that for her leads up to the gates of death. Custom has made man the seeker and woman the sought for. How should she, an innocent, inexperienced girl, know that in caressing her you are only seeking for the amusement of the moment, with no thought of giving her the love whose language you are using? How can she tell that the warm clasp of your arms, the clinging kiss upon her lips mean either absolutely nothing, or else what may lead her on to shame or misery. It is cowardly because society has placed such power in your hands to use it to wound her woman's pride and heart, or for her own undoing.

Boys, never forget that you stand as the protector of every girl into whose society you may be thrown. Remember that as you treat her, so may your nearest and dearest be treated. Hold her as sacred in your thought and action as you would have your own mother and sister held by others. Remember too, that reason and right make it incumbent upon you to bring as clear a record of your life to the woman you would make your wife, as you demand of her. If you listen to your own higher nature, you will acknowledge this, even though custom has so far ordered it otherwise.

This is the boys' side of the question, and who will gainsay its righteousness?

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Mantel Trimming.—This is to be used in the place of a lambrequin. Have a piece of dark, blue satin, a little wider than the mantel, perhaps six inches, and long enough so that it will hang over at the ends a yard deep. Line it with orange, or whatever color will harmonize with the room the best. Upon the ends put a conventional pattern in two colors of tinsel, and finish with tassels that match in color with the lining. Put on the mantel and tie in a loose knot at each end just below it, then let ends hang. If prettily knotted, it makes a very pretty drapery. Other material may be used in this way, but it must not be stiff.

In summer cottages, or in rooms fitted up for summer, it is very fashionable to cover up all upholstered chairs, not with heavy linen as they used to be, but with some light-figured stuffs that would give a bright look to the room and yet not be hard to do up. The table covers are made of the same material, with a pretty fringe, and mantel drapings also, all of which give a summery appearance to the department, and the furniture is protected from the dust. In the fall, these coverings may be taken off and laid away for another year.

A pretty way to trim a chair, the cover of which is soiled, not worn, providing it is not buttoned down, but smoothly cushioned, is to get fish netting as fine as can be procured, and put over it. It hides the soiled look and yet permits glimpses of the coloring.

One or Two Hints.—I will tell "Subscriber" how I make impression paper. Take thin writing paper and grease it with lard or oil on both sides. Rub the paper with a rag to rid it of superfluous grease, and you have a paper that you can trace any pattern on by laying it over the pattern and marking it with a pencil.

The way I make a farmers' wreath is to collect all kinds of seeds to make flowers out of, corn, beans, and all such hard seeds. I soak them in water until soft, then make a hole in each end of the seed and place a wire through and twist to fasten. When I have enough I form the seeds into flowers. If this is understood, and should I be requested, I will send directions to treat very fine seeds.—N. B. ELWOOD, Ind.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and k, slip and knit; t to, throw thread over; b, bind, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch sl st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; t c, triple crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; su st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble: sh c, short crochet.

Knitted Silk Neapolitan Cap.—Materials. Four spools of knitting silk and one set of No. 17 needles. If preferred, the same pattern is very pretty knit in three-ply Saxony on same needles. Requires two ounces Saxony.

Generally, these useful little caps are crocheted, but this pattern is for a knitted one. They are very easy to make, and are knit in the round just like a stocking, only instead of *increase* you *decrease*. This cap is very becoming to a boy four to five years old. Its very simplicity seems to heighten both its beauty and usefulness. The long point with tassels, looks equally well hanging from the back of the head as it does when worn from the side. The band part can be made in any simple fancy stitch. It looks well made of basket-work about two inches in depth, but if a snug fit is desired the best plan is to rib just as you would when beginning a stocking. The last style, although somewhat shapeless off the head, is by far the preferable cap for a child to wear when out playing. Make a tassel by winding the silk many times over a cardboard, about four inches wide.

Cast on one hundred and eighty stitches on three needles. Upon these knit whichever band you like, or rib in thread for one and a half inches. The cap should measure around fully twenty to twenty-one inches. In ribbing, of course, the ribs must stretch to this length.

Above the band knit plain for one inch, then narrow once every eighteen stitches in this round.

Next knit plain for eighteen rounds; now narrow once every seventeen stitches in this round.

Next knit plain for seventeen rounds; now narrow once every sixteen stitches in this round.

Next knit plain for sixteen rounds; now narrow once every fifteen stitches in this round.

Next knit plain for fifteen rounds, etc.

The narrowings and rounds seem once as you advance to the point of cap. They also alternate in the same manner as above described. Continue thus until you have a long point, which should measure from the band to end of point good twelve inches. This is for a medium knitter. When the point is reached fasten off on wrong side and darn in ends of sewing cotton.

Crocheted Basket.—About No. 10 four-threaded cotton. Make a chain of three stitches, join. 1st row; 12 d c under ch; 2d row—1 t separated by 2 ch into each st of last round; 3d row—work up with 3 ch—2 t separated by 3 ch into each t of the last round; 4th row—work up with 5 ch—1 d t into the t of the last round—*1 d t into the next ts—2 ch—1 t into the same st—2 ch—1 d t into the same st—repeat from * 10 times more—one d t in the last t of the last row—2 ch—join to the third of 5 ch.

For the side make 17 ch—pass over 5 sts—1 t separated by 1 ch into each 6 alternate sts—*1 single into the last row of the edge of the bottom—1 ch—pass over 1 st of the bottom—1 single into the next 3 ts under each of the next four 2 ch of last row—5 ch—turn—1 t separated by 2 ch into each of 6 alternate ts—repeat from * all around the basket—join the two ends neatly with needle and cotton.

For the handle, make a chain of the length required—work one double into each st, and sew the sides of the basket, and put a row of ribbon to each end of the handle, after the basket is varnished.

How to Stiffen Crocheted Baskets.—First, they must be shaped on a bowl, dish or tin pail, with a smaller bottom than top; the dish or bowl must have no standard on it. I make a stiff flour starch wet with very strong coffee, rub into the crocheted basket, then draw it over the shape I have fitted it to, and put it by the stove to dry. Before it is entirely dry remove it by running a fork under it, wash off the bowl or dish, wipe dry, and put it over again, smoothing it into shape, dry, then varnish with gum shellac, and it will look like a willow basket.

Another way is to take a box instead of basket, eleven inches by seven or eight, cut the corners down, put in a piece of the wood to mount it on for a fancy shape. Materials: one yard of turkey red, two balls of olive colored macreme cord, five yards of No. 7 or No. 9 ribbon to match the lining and four brass bullet buttons for feet.

I shape the corners of the box to suit myself in making it fluting. Cover the outside all over with the turkey red, turning it over at the corners, baste it all down smoothly, and lap inside about one inch. Fasten on the four brass buttons for feet about two inches inside of outside corners. I have a handle about two inches broad, made of the cover of the box, long enough to put across the box, never both sides with turkey red. I make the lining full around the inside, shirring in a cord about one-half inch from the top to form a little ruffle. Have the bottom plain, gather the other around. Crochet any pattern for the outside only, leaving two places to sew the handle on, also another a piece for the handle, leaving room for one row of ribbon. Fasten on the handle, then sew on the crochted pieces and bows at each side of the handle.

Correspondence.

BABY TALK.—The BLADE is considered one of the necessaries at our home, and although I read the HOUSEHOLD with interest, I generally read the news and editor's page first.

The question concerning the care of babies has great interest for all. We might make a parody on the old adage and say—take care of the babies and men and women can take care of themselves. They will be able physically and mentally to enjoy life.

You can follow no exact rules in nursing and caring for babies, for babies are just as unlike as grown people.

My oldest boy is 17, the oldest of four children, and I have never called a physician for one of them.

The first baby was troubled with colic and I tried all the remedies suggested by the old ladies, such as: catnip tea, peppermint, camphor, etc., read directions written by those who never had a baby, how you must nurse, just so often, lay them and hold them in just such a position, etc. I concluded the old ladies advice was full of whims, that camphor and peppermint were not fit for baby's stomach; that a little warm water and sugar had as much effect as some of their teas; that it was easy to write about babies at a distance, and purchase a bottle of soothing syrup. The baby soon outgrew the colic. I do not remember that any of my children cried for it, but they would have cried harder and longer without it. I used, perhaps, three bottles for each of my four children, and kept it as a regulator for the bowels until they were five years of age. Sometimes they had enough to make them sleep a little longer, but, although my babies were called good babies, a half hour was the extent of their naps. My first babies were never rocked, because I had not time to teach them to want it. When awake they would lie and look about them, always giving notice when they wanted attention. It is hard on the mother to be always rocking and tossing her child. I have felt quite worn out watching mothers away from home and at church, trot, trot, trot, shake, shake, shake, until every bone in their bodies must have ached—both mothers and babies. Children can often rock the baby, and in that way help in caring for it. And I have the first baby to see that had been injured by rocking.

A baby should be kept bandaged until it is, at the least, three months old—longer if the child is not strong; but only fasten the band tight enough so that it will lie smooth. During the warmest part of the summer days the band, diaper and a loose slip are enough clothing, but an overdress and skirt must be added cool mornings.

Several bathings in warm water through the day will keep the baby from breaking out with the heat. Lay the baby on the floor on a comfort where it can see, and it will amuse itself; and don't forget to give it cool water to drink.

When the baby can sit alone, a box high enough to reach to the baby's shoulder when sitting, and large enough to hold a small comfort, which should reach over the edge of the box, makes a change from the high chair. This box, with the playthings inside, can be placed on the kitchen table where baby can oversee all the work of the household. In the winter it is most necessary as baby should be kept off the floor, the cold draughts causing earache as well as other ills.

I was always careful about changing the baby as soon as its diaper was soiled, and the babies soon learned to tell when they were not as they should be. Diapers need to be thoroughly cleansed and well sunned. A little neglect in this respect is one fruitful source of sickness among babies.

If the mother cannot nurse her child the milk from one cow should be used. Heat the milk thoroughly but not boil, skim it and add a few grains of spice. Milk so prepared will keep sweet much longer, and, of course, be better for the child, for there is danger in feeding milk that is souring and completes the process in the stomach.

Where the mother's milk is not sufficient, oatmeal gruel made very thin and sweetened, is good; it does not nourish much, however. Several of my neighbors are using this gruel this summer with good results.

Any mother should save herself as much as possible, so that baby is comfortable. My experiences are not so numerous as some, but I have recollections that make me feel tired when I see a baby.

To the best we can, and it could be improved. No doubt that mother thought she was a good manager when she kept her two little girls and their company at work all the forenoon, until their arms ached, and then sent them on a four-mile walk after three cents' worth of candy. Those girls will not take much real delight in their home, and will marry young to escape from their mother's wonderful managing capabilities.

I could say more about babies, big and little, but this article has stretched the editor's patience already.—PEN CARTER.

SHE PROTESTS.—I want to congratulate "MRS. A." (see BLADE July 28) most heartily on her success in properly bringing up her daughters—alone. They ought to make model wives. But I want to ask her, too, if her husband is a reader of the Toledo BLADE? Unless he carefully skips our special department, his face must tingle at the "pecks" given him. The hand that when he is ill and suffering, he receives sympathy, comfort and careful attention from his dutifully devoted wife, but when her turn comes, he repays her kindness and courtesy by "letting her entirely alone." As she professes to be satisfied with such treatment, I think she probably receives all the attention she deserves. A man who cannot give due attention to his business, whatever his calling, and yet have time to think of his family, must be of a very limited capacity indeed, and perhaps needs tender handling. But the rest of us wives do not want *our* husbands to take him as a pattern. There is not a particle of pious resignation in my composition when such pernicious doctrines are being promulgated. That view of the subject is one of the prime causes of the divorces which are the disgrace of our country. In the name of all neglected wives and slandered husbands I *protest!*

When *my* husband so far forgets his marriage vow—forgets he promised to "cherish and comfort" me, "in *sickness* and in health," I'll not publish his heartless selfishness to the world, and boast "it does not trouble me any."

Does "Mrs. A" really teach her daughters that if they gain husbands who shall "provide well for all their (double) needs" there is nothing more to be desired? What of their mental, moral, and spiritual life? *I* consider marriage a mutual benefit arrangement and why the husband should be exempt—*in his own family*—from all the little courtesies of life, because his one calling claims his time, while the wife, who follows at least a dozen, must be always ready with the "oil of grace," is beyond my comprehension. Yes, I mean just that. The woman who enters the marriage relation, and takes her place at the head of a household, must understand the practical *modus operandi* of at least half a dozen trades, I am not speaking so much of those who are able to keep servants in every department, as of the world's real workers. She must be cook, waiter girl, chambermaid, laundress, seamstress—perhaps dressmaker and tailoress as well—to say nothing of the duties of wife, mother, nurse and housekeeper. Now, there are at least nine occupations at which women can and do work, receiving good wages and board. What consideration is then her due, who has the ability to combine all these various callings and keep them working smoothly and harmoniously? Where is the man who would undertake to keep so many "irons in the fire?" Sr, who would submit to such excessive requirements and "house-to-house" pensation? It requires two halves to make a whole. The "House-band" and "House-mother are equally important.

So, girls, my advice is this: If you are tempted to marry for board and clothes, don't do it. You can earn all that much easier, and be more independent. But, if you believe with me, that marriage means much more than the mere provisions for physical wants, strive to make yourselves worthy the best love of a good man. Choose carefully, and when you have started to "paddle canoes" together, be ready to do your part. But show your husband that you expect to receive, and that you appreciate his kindness and courtesy, and I can assure you, if he is at all worth respecting and loving, he will return "measure for measure."—TOM'S WIFE.

FROM TRIXEY.—Tim's little spurt some time ago greatly inclines me to try the experiment just once. Tim, did you ever see one of a firm of bankers present a check to be cashed, and have the treasurer glare at the presenter with lowering brow, and ask with a snarl, what they were going to do with the money, and what did they want with it, and what did they do with the last they got, etc.? No checks presented in that way are smilingly and pleasantly paid over without a word of comment, but presenting a plea for a little money to the treasurer of a matrimonial firm, is quite a different thing. Nine cases out of ten the Jr. of (supposing the wife to be the Jr.) the firm will be taken through the above category of questions, and probably be refused at last, with "Oh, I guess you can manage to do without it; I need the money." Now, Tim, how many proud high-spirited women do you think will endure the state of affairs of not trying to seek a way out and earning her own money and be independent of such a thoughtless bear. There are a great many small things a lady needs for her comfort and convenience, that she would be too modest and delicate to ask a man for money to supply, when laboring to the thought of the initiating examination; therefore she has a perfect right to seek some method of supplying herself, and to all such, I say DEAR HOUSEHOLD lend a helping hand, and not ask Tim's assistance either. Happy homes are the bulwarks of the Nation. There we see domestic bliss of the purest and strongest; there we find the best men and noblest women; the wisest and noblest pillars of social and political influence. The basis of family happiness rests upon the perfect confidence between man and wife. Without this foundation rock, the family fabric rests upon the shifting sands of uncertainty. Unless there is this confidential relation, there can be neither harmony nor trust. Perhaps Tim is one who has found this earthly bliss. Let us hope so.—TRIXY.

Inquiries.

I have two rooms, one painted white and the other painted yellow, that I wish to stain a cherry color. Can any one tell me how to do it? I wish to know as soon as possible. Does any one know what watermelon seed tea is good for?—NENNIE.

Would some one of the HOUSEHOLD department tell what to do with my lilies of the valley? I got them last November, and they have never grown, yet they do not die. I put them in nice light, sandy soil, and they have plenty of water.—MRS. J. G., Paradise, Nevada.

This question should have been published some months ago, but by mistake was not. The answer may benefit some one if too late for the inquirer.—ED.

Will some kind sister of the HOUSEHOLD please send me the hymn entitled, "I'm Going Home to Die No More," and oblige a young reader? To the lady who wished to know how to take mildew from clothes, if she would soak the garment in sour buttermilk it will take it all out.—BELLE PHELPS, Crow Wing, Crow Wing county, Minn.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD give me some new ideas as to how to suitably to entertain my friends on the tenth wedding anniversary? I find plenty of hints as to presents, but none for the guidance of a hostess.—TIN WEDDING.

I would like to ask for a recipe for making elderberry wine.—D. HOYER.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE be willing to help the temperance work onward by sending pieces for children to learn for temperance concert after you have used them in your Sabbath school, too far off in Idaho where we cannot get such pieces as we need? The work is great here. It has started in the Sabbath schools, and any pieces to sing or speak will be thankfully received.—MRS. O. G. THAYER, Shoshone, Idaho Ter.

Can anyone tell me what will keep butter from sticking to a churn that is lined with zinc?

What is good for, or will cure a bad breath? What should young ducks be fed?

What will make cherry trees bear and keep peach trees from blighting?—A. J. SHERRETT, Norfolk, Ore

Will the lady who gave directions for washing with kerosene, in the HOUSEHOLD several months ago, please repeat them? I should like to correspond with some person but under 14 to 16 years of age wanting a good home. Address—CARRIE, Box 545, Aurora, Neb.

I would be ever so much obliged if some one that has more reading matter than she wants would send a lady who is housed up on account of poor health something nice to read.—MRS. H. SIPES, Salem, Marion county, Ill.

Answers to Inquiries.

Please allow me space in your columns to tell "Mae" why I did not answer her letter. I got disgusted finding places for girls who do not intend to come. I found places for several and there was only one made her appearance. Girls to do general housework are always in demand, and receive from $3 to $4 per week, according to work required. If "Mae" wishes to come to Greeley to do housework she will find no trouble in getting a place. I could also like to say to those who wrote asking questions in regard to the country that my time is too limited to permit me to answer.—MRS. PRICE, Greeley, Col.

Please tell "Mrs. A" through the HOUSEHOLD of this cure for rheumatism, which I never knew to fail: Take one quart of sweet milk, quite hot, not boiling, into which stir one ounce of alum. Bathe the affected parts with the whey until too cold. In the meantime keep the curds hot, and after bathing put them on as a poultice. Wrap in flannel and go to sleep. Two or three applications is generally sufficient.—MRS. J. M. W.

To "Idumen," who asks for a remedy for contracted cord in her little girl's limb: Dig half a pint of angleworms, put in water, cover closely and let them remain over night, when they will be found quite clean. Put them in a glass bottle and hang in the sun. In a little time they will change to a thin oily substance; add bergamot, as you will find it very offensive; apply to the parts every day, rubbing well. A physician recommended the use of this in my own family, and it relaxed the cord when everything else failed. You can buy the oil, but if you make it yourself you know what you are using.—MRS. MYRON BEARD, Morrice, Mich.

"Idumen," for the contraction of cord in your child's limb, please try the following: Make an ointment of turpentine and lard, equal parts; bathe cord thoroughly with it two or three times a day; after each rubbing straighten the limb as well as you can and lay a weight on the knee for half an hour at a time if it can be borne so long. I think in time it will get right if you persevere.—MURRE.

A very good article upon "Ironing," from "Nancy Susan," St. Joe, Mo., cannot be used because written upon both sides of her paper. In answer to her question, the editor of the HOUSEHOLD will be glad to see "Nancy" when she passes through Toledo.

Will the editor please state the proper manner of acknowledging the receipt of wedding cards, where the receiver lives at too great a distance to attend, and hardly feels able to send a handsome present?—INEXPERIENCED.

Simply by sending your regrets for not being able to be present, and adding your good wishes for the happiness of the bride and groom.

"Inexperienced" better send a dollar to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., and get "Social Etiquette," which will help her in these difficulties.—ED.

I sent sometime ago a recipe for mocking bird food, by request, and I have failed to find it published as yet. If it is not too much trouble please publish it, as it is too valuable a recipe to be withheld from those that care for those kind of birds.—W. W. TANNER.

We are quite sure the recipe was published, but have not time to look it up. If you will send it again we will insert it a second time.—ED.

Ingrowing toe nail may be cured by thoroughly cutting away the troublesome parts, and filling the space with powdered blood root. For deafness and roaring in the ear use skunk oil. The unpleasant itching of chilled feet may be removed by bathing the parts in warm water in which a small piece of soda has been dissolved. I have found bay rum an effectual remedy for the falling off of hair, also to promote new growth. Rugs are nice, made by sewing strips of rags, either plain or twisted upon a foundation; clipping the loops or not. Inch strips of ingrain carpet sewed closely together upon a foundation, then have the edges, makes a very pretty rug or may be used for a kitchen lounge or rocking chair cover.—AUNT LOTTIE.

Recipes.

French Rolls.—Peel six potatoes, boil in 2 qts of water, drain potatoes and water through a colander; when cool enough add 1 cupful of flour to make a thick batter, beat well and add 1 cupful of yeast. Set to rise; when light turn into a bread pan and mix in 1 teaspoonful of salt, ½ cupful of lard and flour to make a stiff dough; let rise, work down again and work down several times. When very light make out in rolls and let rise, then brush with eggs and sugar and bake in a quick stove.

Virginia Rolls.—One qt. of warm milk, ½ pt. of hop yeast, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of butter, flour to make a stiff dough; set to rise, work down, and let rise a second time; when light make out in rolls; put in pans, let rise, and bake.

Breakfast Rolls.—Take 3 cupfuls of sweet milk, 1 cupful of butter, 2 teaspoonfuls of good yeast and mix with flour enough to make dough. Let rise over night; in the morning add 1 egg, knead thoroughly and let it rise again. When light make out in rolls, place in the pans, keep warm and bake when very light.

Seeing a request for a recipe for salt-rising bread, I will send the directions, which if followed, will prove good and sweet. Take 2 tablespoonfuls of cornmeal, pour over it ½ cupful boiling milk; stir thin; set in a warm place 24 hours; when light set your rising. Put in a quart bowl part full warm water ½ teaspoonful soda with the meal; stir in flour not too thick; set in a kettle of warm water to rise; light in one half hour. Never knew it to fail.—ESTELLA SHERMAN, East London, Mich.

Sponge Cake.—Take 3 eggs and beat one minute; add 1½ cupfuls of granulated sugar, and beat five minutes; 1 cupful of sifted flour, and beat one minute; ½ cupful of water; now add another cupful of flour with 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, beat one minute, teaspoonful of vanilla, and a pinch of salt. If directions are followed, this cake will be excellent.

Chocolate Custard.—Make a boiled custard with 1 qt. of milk, the yolks of 6 eggs, 6 tablespoonfuls of sugar, and ½ cupful of grated vanilla chocolate. Boil until thick enough, stirring all the time. When nearly cold, flavor with vanilla, pour into cups and put the whites of the eggs, beaten to a powdered sugar, on top.—MRS. IDA A. SUTTON.

To Color Cotton Red.—"A Reader," in the BLADE, asks for a recipe to color cotton goods red. Here is one: Take muriate of tin, ⅜ of a teacupful; add sufficient water to cover the goods well, bring it to a boiling heat, putting in the goods one hour, stirring often. Take out the goods and empty the kettle and put in clean water with nicwood, 1 lb., steeping it for half an hour, at hand heat; then put in the goods and augment the heat for one hour, not bringing to a boil at all. Air the goods and dip an hour as before. Wash without soap. I have other recipe colors which I will furnish the readers of the BLADE if they will write me enclosing a stamp.—J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

Purchasing Hosiery.

A man recently astonished his wife by coming home with two black eyes. "What have you been doing?" said she. "Getting a pair of socks," he replied.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CHARDON, O.	Mary Patchen	ROSEDALE, KAN.
Freddie Carroll	Mabel Johnson	Nellie Dewault
Byron Canfield	Edith Johnson	Lily Sanfacon
Milton Smith	Ettie Johnson	Belle Sanfacon
Charlie Carlston	Claudine Johns	Janie Grace
Josiah Kelley	Artie Johnson	Lizzie Chick
Archie Green	Vernie Shaw	Mary Davis
Arthur Phillips	Effie Latimer	MANSFIELD, FLA.
Hattie Skinner	Arthur Day	Gad Noble
Belle Goldthorp	Claude West	Henry Noble
May Davidson	Lina Osborn	Edgar Kaufman
M McNaughten	Dan Cooley	BURNSIDE, ILL.
Ella Goul	Ralph Pease	Hittie Wilson
Aaude Hill	Neal Sawyer	BOURBANSE, KAN.
Marenie Mills	Harry Bickel	Olive Winter
Webbie Shaw	Jay Latimer	PEXICO, MO.
Charlie Davidson	Fanna Latimer	Edmund Hardin
Fred Chaysman	Geo Bowen	Della Hardin
Frank Smith	Mert Osborn	Theresa Hardin
Arthur Murdoch	Ellis Osborn	Wm McNall
Hallie Thrasher	Eddie Mahoney	Elmer Harbin
Mattie Tilden	Mary Phillips	Dora Harris
Lucy Parsons	Pearl Sawyer	Nemmesh Taylor
Grace Randall	May West	Johnny L Johns
Amy Bruce	Elmie Warner	B E Bilberry
Willie Carroll	Minnie Conway	Roland Harrison
May Bickie	Kit Sanger	Joe Bilberry
Tressa Howard	Maud Painter	Mary Caudwell

Names this week, 78. Total, 20,258.

The above embraces all names received up to August 18.

A WORD TO THE LEGION.

Since the BLADE'S Temperance Legion has reached its present large proportions, a great deal of interest has been aroused to know what all these young people are doing in the way of helping the good work along. To have become a member is a good thing; to add to this the organizing of a means to bring others into the Legion, and to spread the determination to "touch not, taste not," is a better. There is no doubt but that many are working earnestly and enthusiastically, and have been doing so ever since they enrolled their names. Our readers would like to know what they are doing, therefore short letters telling of the progress of the good cause in different places will be gladly received and as many inserted as room can be spared for. Tell of your working bands, and of all connected with them that will interest, but make your letters short.

WHO KILLED THE BIRD?

Who killed the Chippie?
See where it lies;
The light has gone out
Of its bright, quick eyes;
This tiny creature, so soft and brown,
Here on the dead leaves fallen down.

But an hour ago
It felt the sun,
Yet now it is happy,
Living done—
Born in a nest and made to be,
Not soarer, nor singer, yet blith and free.

No human eye
Perchance may miss
From numberless flocks
A mite like this;
Yet with it something has gone which had
In its way made bough and sunshine glad.

Who killed the Chippie?
I think I know;
This way from school
The children go;
And I saw a boy a pebble sling,
And now I find this poor dead thing.

He liked, perhaps,
To prove his skill,
Nor thought how dreadful
It is to kill;
And, though he aimed at it, after all,
Was sad at heart when he saw it fall.

I am almost sure
If he heard me say,
"Who was it killed
A bird to-day?"
He would wish the cruel deed undone,
And blush to own himself the one.

—*Wide Awake.*

"SWORN FOES."

BY ALICE EDDY CURTISS.

I don't know exactly why Harry Thorpe and I should have been down on each other all summer, but we were. The other boys used to get mad at us, we bothered each other so. We didn't give 'em any peace, they said. I suppose Trip began it. He's my dog, you know; the kind my little cousin calls a "rattan terrior," and I'll back him against any dog in Boston for grit and knowingness. But the first day Harry Thorpe came to Bayberry Beach he said it wasn't a thoroughbred—Trip wasn't I mean—and that he wouldn't give $2 for him. Well, you know, really I never supposed he was a thoroughbred, and I didn't care if he wasn't. What difference does that make if you like your dog and your dog likes you? But I wasn't going to have Trip run down, so I told Harry Thorpe that he didn't know enough to last him over night; and that made him mad, and so we didn't get along at all.

We used to think up things to say to each other. Sometimes I used to lie awake nights—that is, if I happened to wake up—thinking up things to call Harry. He was the best at that sort of thing, because he was always reading when he was in the house, and he used to say things out of books. But I could have beaten him in no time if we'd fought. I was as much bigger, I used to tell him so, and that made him maddest of all, for he was almost as old as I was, and he didn't like to be so much smaller. Oh, my, how mad he used to get when I said that.

And then we used to stump each other. All sorts of things we stumped each other to—climbing over high fences, and swimming under water, and walking over the pebbles on our bare feet, and lots of things. All the boys did it, but Harry Thorpe and I did it to make each other mad. And he was a plucky little fellow, I will say that for him. I couldn't stump him very often, for he'd half kill himself rather than give in and own.

Bayberry Beach is a jolly place, but we half spoiled it for each other. We were at a hotel in quite a lonely part of the beach; just one small hotel and about a dozen families in it. There were only two or three gentlemen and three or four boys, but no end of ladies and children. There are rocks and caves and all sorts of nice places to climb about, and nobody to interfere, for our folks all let us do about as we pleased down there. Harry Thorpe's mother was there, a real pretty lady with blue eyes, and they had good times together out on the rocks sometimes. My mother's dead, you know. I used to watch those two once in a while. If my mother had been alive I wished she would have looked like that, but nobody knew it, of course. The ladies didn't generally take much notice of a big boy like me, and of course a fellow couldn't talk about his mother to the other boys when she was dead.

Sometimes people used to come down to the beach on excursions, and then it was pretty rough, but for the most part it was pretty still, and so I was glad when Bob Glenn asked me to go over to Hathway to spend the day with him. He was going to stay all night with his aunt, and I didn't want to be left behind, for Bob and I always stuck together.

Just before we started Harry Thorpe and I got madder than we ever had before. He left cross, I guess, for Trip and I weren't doing anything to him, but just walking about the beach, when Harry picked up a handful of sand and threw it all over Trip. Of course it didn't hurt him, but it made me fire up in a minute, and I just said, "Sic him, old boy!" and Trip flew at him. Harry like a Tiger. Trip was too small to frighten him, and Harry gave him a kick that sent him howling back to me, and if it hadn't been almost time to go I believe we should have pitched into each other for good that time.

"You touch my dog again and I'll knock you down," says I.

"I'll kill the mongrel cur next chance I get," says Harry, glaring at us both.

"Then I'll kill you!" says I.

"You're beneath the notice of a gentleman!" says he, but I knew that was out of a book.

Just then I saw Bob coming out to look for me, and I turned about to go.

"Well, good-bye, little boy," I said over my shoulder. "Stay near the shore when you go out in the boat, and don't try to do whatever you see the big boys do. You're only a little fellow, you know."

I don't know what would upset him. He was red as a beet, and he screamed out,

"I can do anything you can, Tom Morgan! Rowing, or swimming, or anything."

He didn't think what he was saying, you know. Why, I'm head and shoulders taller than he is, and two inches broader across the shoulders. I just burst out laughing and called out,

"Oh, yes, I've no doubt. I suppose you could row over to the Seven Sea Kings and back, as I did last week!" And then I ran away before he could answer, and left him shouting out something that I couldn't understand.

I hadn't any more idea that he'd do it. But if you'll believe me that little fellow jumped into a boat the first chance he got and set off for the Seven Sea Kings all by himself! Why, they're miles away and round the point, and I was tired to death when I went out there myself. They are seven rocks away out where they're covered when the tide comes in, and just stand up like peaks when the water is clear out. He said he was going to stay out until the tide turned so as to come in easier, and then walk up to the house, kind of cool and careless, and say he'd just been taking a little pull over to the Sea Kings.

But I went to Hathaway and had a jolly time and didn't get back till after dark. Trip wanted to go too, but Bob said his aunt didn't like dogs, so I had to send him back. I wouldn't have an aunt that didn't like dogs!

"Harry Thorpe said he'd kill him," said I.

"Well, but he wont," says Bob. He couldn't kill anything if he tried. He's too tender-hearted."

So I had to leave him, but I was rather anxious all day, and you can just fancy how I felt when I got home and ran up the back way and Trip didn't come out to meet me. I whistled and called as I went through the house and I was so full of finding him that I didn't notice that nobody was inside.

But when I came out on the beach in front I saw all the people—the ladies, that is, and the children—standing on the beach talking. The moon was just coming up like a yellow cannon ball out of the bay, and they looked black against the light. Some of them were crying, and I forgot about Trip when I got near enough to see how Mrs. Thorpe looked. She was wringing her hands and walking about and trying to look down the beach.

"What's the matter?" I called before I got up to them.

Some of the ladies turned and came running toward me.

"Oh, it's only Tom Morgan!" one of them said, "He wouldn't know anything."

"What's the matter?" I asked again, and then they told me that Harry Thorpe had been gone all the afternoon and that nobody had seen him go off, and that one of the boats was missing and everybody was scared to death, for he never stayed away so, and something must have happened to him.

"All the men are off trying to find him," said one of them, but, oh, dear; I don't believe they will! Such a boy—and small of his age, you know, and all alone in the dark! And oh, his poor mother! with nobody but him in the world."

How do you suppose I felt when she said that? It came over me all in a flash where he must have gone, and I went rushing down to the edge like a crazy thing.

"He gone to the Sea Kings!" I shouted, as if they were all deaf; "and the tide's almost at the turn now."

There was only one boat left. I tore the rope from the stake and screamed to them to come and help me to push off. My voice sounded like somebody else's.

"Hurry up, can't you?" I yelled. "Don't you hear?" He's gone to the Sea Kings, and something's happened to him there. Do you hear? The tide's almost at the turn."

In a minute they were all about

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

Subscriber, Walla Walla, W. T.:—To remove the warts from your cow's teats, rub them thoroughly with unsalted lard for a length of time. If this does not do, if they are flat, burn them daily with a very little nitric acid. When burned down, grease them with fresh lard once a day. If the warts stick out prominently, they may be tied off with a silk thread.

J. M. K., Hutchinson, Kansas: Regarding the best method for keeping apples until spring, we cannot agree with those who say that apples should be wet in bulk. In order to keep them from rotting. Mr. Allen, an authority on the subject named, in his Farm Book, says that apples for winter consumption should be carefully picked by hand to avoid bruising the fruit, and to prepare them so that they will keep, they should be laid carefully into tight barrels or boxes, immediately after picking, and after being lightly shaken or pressed together. They may then be tightly headed, with the head heavily pressed down and secured for marketing, or covered so as to exclude the air, which is intended for family use. The boxes or barrels should then be put away into a dry place and kept as cold as possible above the freezing point. Thus managed, they will keep as long as they are capable of preservation. Bins in a dry cellar are good, if closely covered. If exposed to the air, warmth or moisture, apples soon decay. Burying them in the earth destroys their flavor. The editor would be pleased to hear from readers of the BLADE FARM who have had experience in packing apples to keep well.

W. T. R., Nebraska: It is impossible for us to say, from that which you write, where the trouble is located in your filly. However, we think if you will put an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water twice a day for four days, it will relieve part of the difficulty at least.

C. M. W., Andover, O., (who has been a subscriber to the BLADE for the past nineteen years): Your cow is suffering from indigestion. Give her, first, half a pound of salts, dissolved in a quart of boiling water to which is added a teacupful of molasses. After this has operated give this: Three drachms bicarbonate of soda, two drachms gentian, two drachms ginger. Mix well, put in a bran mash and feed to the cow. Give this amount once a day for three days, omit for three days and give for two days more. Afterward put half a teacupful of lime water in her drinking water twice a day for a week.

W. P., Underwood, Kansas: To cure the curl in your horse, apply cold water freely. Rub the parts affected, three times a day, with muriate of ammonia, one ounce; nitrate of potash, one ounce; water, one quart. Mix well. Put on a shoe with a high heel. The above lotion must be applied until no inflammation remains. If after the heat is all out, if the swelling remains in a chronic condition, it must be absorbed with bimiodide of mercury, one drachm; lard, one ounce. Cut the hair from over the swelling, and rub a little of the ointment in every night. Connect with this the watery discharge sets in, with hot water. If, after a week's time the curb has not disappeared, apply the ointment as before.

Reader, Kiowa county, Kansas: Your cow that gives bloody milk from one teat has garget. Give her a dose of salts, as recommended in answer to C. M. W., Andover. After this has operated, give an ounce and a half of saltpetre in her drinking water, morning and night, for three days. Rub the inflamed portion of the udder with this: Powdered camphor, half an ounce; extract of belladona, two ounces; lard, two ounces. Mix well together and apply with gentle friction. Milk the cow at least three or or four times a day, as it gives rest to the inflamed udder.

Attazen, Newburg, Ind.:—Hogs are too frequently treated for kidney worms when there are none present. The worm is not found in the kidney but in the pelvis. The cure is said to be to pour a tablespoonful of turpentine across the loins, or small of the back daily, for several days.

Subscriber, Waltz, Mich.:—From what you say, we judge there is nothing of a serious nature wrong with your cow. Many cows are in the habit of urinating as you describe. Some cows are a little nervous about milking time, but our advice is, treat her gently, and give no medicine of any kind so long as she eats well and is in a healthy condition. As to your hog, he probably suffered from congestion of the brain, which passed into apoplexy. In such cases the hog is at times stupid, and at others the animal becomes greatly excited. The bowels are constipated and the pulse quick and hard. Breathing is laborious. Cold water should be dashed on the animal, paying it from the head. The treatment should have a stimulant, as sulphate of magnisia, 4 ozs.; oil of turpentine, 2 drachms; soap suds, ½ pt. Mix and inject.

John Merret, Wisconsin: The Jerusalem artichoke is a native of America. Years ago they were boiled as potatoes and mashed with butter, making a nutritious food, but the improved methods of cultivating the potato made the latter the favorite to almost the exclusion of the artichoke. They are considered a good feed for swine, and when they have once a hold in the ground it is quite a task to rid them out. To have them in perfection, they should be hoed frequently, and the ground kept loose, as for potatoes. Hogs eagerly devour them, and as they contain considerable nutriment, they keep the animals in healthy condition. They may be had of almost any seedsman.

To Destroy Currant Worms—Canning and Preserving.

The following will be read with interest by the readers of the BLADE FARM:

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In answer to the request for something to destroy currant worms, I will tell my experience. Last year I made a strong solution of alum water, and sprinkled the worm-covered bushes, using the watering pot. It was done without any faith in its efficacy—simply a "forlorn hope" that it might destroy the worms. Two or three days afterwards, however, I found they were dying upon the leaves, and last year we had our first mess of currants since we lived on the place. I could scarcely believe it was all owing to the alum water, but this year we have tried it again, with the same success, the only difference being that a few bushes which were watered just before a shower had to be gone over a second time. The morning is the best time to apply the solution.

A few suggestions about canning and preserving may be useful at this season. In making jam, or marmalade, I find having a kettle of hot water on the stove (kerosene or wood) and the preserving kettle or pan placed thereon, enables me to boil them down as thick as I choose without any danger of burning, if not stoned. This knowledge has saved me many hours of warm, tedious labor. I usually go out and stir several times during the cooking. I cannot make jam what I consider the proper consistency short of half a day's boiling when directly on the stove.

Many of my cans have got out of order. Last year I had a good many grapes which must go to waste if I could not put up some way. Finally I gathered together my cans and bottles and tried an experiment. After putting pulps of grapes in one dish and skins in another, then bringing the pulps to a boil, running through a colander to take out the seeds, and then adding the skins and sugar to taste, I put them on to boil once more and melted about two parts rosin to one of beeswax, cut some papers little larger than the can opening and dipping them in the wax; when my can was filled, put on two papers, each saturated with wax. Then a piece of cloth was dipped in the wax and placed over the papers and tied around tightly. Not one can or bottle spoiled, and the result of my experience was about 40 quarts of sauce and pie timber this last winter.

We think grape pie quite a nice dessert. They are good mixed with huckleberries, elderberries or blackberries. Sweeten to be well sweetened.—MRS. E. B. SMITH, Gaines, Pa.

Farm Notes.

Grasshoppers are destroying the crops in various parts of Belgium.

The potato crop on Long Island, N. Y., is so large that it is estimated the yield will be from 400 to 500 bushels per acre.

The meal will mold in the bin unless mixed with bran and stirred frequently. Neglect here may cause disease and much loss. Look out.

Some one says: "Draw out a little cider daily and return it to the barrel in a small stream, if cider is to be turned to vinegar." Be sure you return it.

The Florida papers tell of a banana leaf two feet wide by eight feet long, and of corn-stalks 27 feet in length, taken from a field of 80 acres, of which they were only average specimens.

Peg down roses where a heavy mass of flowers is desired. The side shoots push more rapidly for this treatment. Roses may be propagated by layering as well as other plants.

Copperas water is a good disinfectant. Make it rather strong, and with a small broom sprinkle it thoroughly the building and over the porches. It purifies the air, aids in preventing disease, and absorbs all bad smells.

A Vermont farmer gave a patent medicine man permission to paint his advertisements on 500 rods of fence, and when the ornamenter of rural scenery hired a team and drove out to the farm he found it was wire fence.

The bread-eaters of the United Kingdom are thankful for the great break in prices of breadstuffs in this country, as it has enabled them to buy at least 30,000,000 bushels of wheat at ten cents per bushel less than could otherwise have been the case.

A farmer in Indiana made his boys burn all the bumblebee nests, and was surprised that he could not make a crop of clover. The bumblebees are the chief agents in carrying the pollen of the clover from one bloom to another, and thus fructifying the plant.

Tomato plants will endure quite an amount of cutting and trimming, and often renew themselves when nearly dead. If the branches be torn then, it will be of advantage to cut some of them out from a few vines where a limited amount of early fruit shall be desired.

Stagnant water on the farm will not only injure the crops, but will breed disease. Many cases of diphtheria, typhoid fever, etc., may be traced to it. Cows drinking such water cannot give milk pure in quality. All low places upon which water will collect should receive attention.

The inspectors of the New York State dairy department, who have of late been employed in securing evidence against sellers of oleomargarine, have now been set at the work of milk inspection along the several railroad lines in that section of the state.

A report from Wabasha county, Minn., says: "The wheat crop in this county is entirely destroyed by chinch bugs. There will not be enough of that cereal raised to furnish bread for the population. Corn is also suffering materially from the ravages of the insects. Barley, which is now being cut, is a good crop."

A correspondent of the *Agriculturist* declares that the kalmia, the beautiful broad-leaved ever-green shrub, or small tree known as the laurel or calico bush, can be transplanted safely from the woods if at the time it is cut back so as to remove every leaf and leave nothing but the naked stem.

Where flower beds are to be watered, the surface should be thoroughly loosened and a copious supply of water given towards evening. The next day stir up the surface thoroughly with a rake or hoe. The cultivation adopted by most amateur cultivators of giving a little water daily usually results in injuring the plants.

Cuttings of quick-growing, herbaceous plants, like heliotrope, verbena, phlox, geraniums, root quickly, chrysanthemums soonest of all. Nearly all plants root best in spring, still there is no month when cuttings cannot be rooted with care. Choose cuttings when the plant is most vigorous. With soft-wooded plants, herbaceous or woody plants, the rule must be to keep the roots warm and the top cool.

Cuttings folded in wet moss, with waxed or oiled paper around them, will go a week or more in condition if done up as soon as cut. It is well to water and sprinkle the whole plant thoroughly the evening before taking off slips, and cut in the dew. At least water and shade an hour before cutting, so that the plant may be in its fullest vigor. Keep the pan of water, wet sand or moist cloth at hand to receive the cuttings as made.

Do not set shrubs or trees too deep or give them rich manure in planting. A good many fine shrubs are killed every year by over-goodness. Watered, shaded and watched daily, a good many shrubs are lost even when set with tenderest care in large holes filled with every sort of richness and with manure about the collars. Old, mellow soil from the nature garden is a dozen times better for plants to root in, even if they have no manure until winter.

It is reported from Columbia, S. C., that a powerful syndicate has been organized, which all the phosphate miners and mining companies have joined, for the purpose of controlling and keeping up the price of crude phosphate. Last year the aggregate production of phosphate rock was computed at 440,668 tons, of which 381,603 tons were exported, and 68,000 tons were consumed by the local fertilizer manufacturing companies. Aggregate value in round numbers, $2,000,000.

The best material I ever used was rotted leaf-soil, such as I made at home or raked up from the hollows in the woods; also the thin lining of leaf mold to be found in the hollows in rich woods and which I skinned off with a sharp spade. This mixed and chopped up together and a little sharp sand added, forms a base on which most wild plants will establish themselves. And after planting I mulch the ground with sphagnum moss, then let it alone.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

For rooting, the best cutting of a plant is a shoot of new growth just before it grows woody at all or fibrous, but will snap off clean without strings. This should have three buds, if possible, though one leaf and leaf-bud will start with good care. Roots start from the bud at the base of the leaf sooner than from any other part. Take off the leaves for an inch or two, and stick the cutting in sand to the lowest bud. Cuttings should be kept entirely fresh until planted by setting them in water or by wrapping them lightly in a moist cloth. The loss of their sap by evaporation before or after setting is their death.

THE CROPS.

The Weather Report and the Farmer's Review on the Subject.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—The temperature has been slightly warmer than usual throughout the Southern states and the Ohio valley, but cooler than usual throughout the lake region, upper Mississippi and Missouri valleys. The daily average temperature in the last named district was from two to four degrees below the normal In the New England, Middle and Atlantic states and Pacific coast the temperature differs but slightly from the normal. The daily average from January 1 to August 20 has ranged from one to two degrees above the normal in the central valleys. It was slightly cooler than usual at stations on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and from Lake Superior westward to Montana.

Rainfall was in excess generally throughout the corn and tobacco regions, northeasterly port on of the cotton region and northern New England, while it has been less than usual in the lower Mississippi valley. On the middle and south Atlantic coast, in Arkansas and the southern portions of Missouri and Kansas, and from Lake Superior westward to Dakota, well distributed rains occurred throughout the drouth region. The 7 o'clock reports this morning show that rain continues in this section. A large deficiency in the rainfall for the season ranging from five to fifteen inches in the Mississippi valley has been slightly reduced in the northern section and augmented in the Southern states during the past week.

The only section reporting an excess of rainfall for the season being Northern New England, the central portions of the middle Atlantic states, Dakota and the North Pacific coast.

General Remarks—The recent rains have greatly improved the condition of the corn crop, but owing to the lateness of the rains in the principal corn-producing states, the yield will probably be below the average.

The weather has been generally favorable for all crops in Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, and in the Middle, Atlantic and New England states. In Minnesota the crops were improved, but the harvest crops were damaged by rain.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—The *Farmer's Review*, in its crop summary, says that corn on the high and dry lands is too far gone to be recuperated by the rains, but low-lying, late planted fields have been somewhat helped. These, however, are not of sufficient acreage to affect the general average. Dakota alone reports the condition above the average. The average yield of winter wheat, shown by threshing in 25 Illinois counties, is 15¼ bushels; eleven Ohio counties, 13 3-11 bushels; eight Kentucky counties, 10 bushels; eleven Indiana counties, 14 1.5 bushels.

The yield of oats in 26 Illinois counties is 32 bushels; eleven Ohio counties, 32 2.5 bushels; eleven Michigan counties, 27 bushels; seven Kentucky counties, 24 3.5 bushels; ten Indiana counties, 24 4.5 bushels.

The recent rains have much refreshed and invigorated pastures. A full supply of fall feed is now anticipated. Potatoes generally are turning out a poor crop on account of the drouth, but late varieties have been helped by rain. The apple crop is generally light in the West and the average condition of the corn crop in 26 counties in Illinois is 50.4 per cent.; ten counties in Ohio, 69.5 per cent.; seven counties in Kentucky, 56 per cent; nine counties in Illinois, 48 per cent.; thirteen counties in Dakota, 125 per cent.

Rich Iron Ore Fields.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Aug. 17.—[Special wire.]—Valuable discoveries of iron ore have been made near Waukon, Allamakee county, and a company has been formed in Rockford, Ill., with a capital of four million dollars to operate and develop the same. The incorporators are Henry W. Price, George S. Roper, and John B. Sine. Large tracts of valuable ore are already located with flattering prospects of almost unlimited resources.

Turkey has asked the advice of the powers in reference to Bulgaria.

DR. TALMAGE ON CHRISTIAN TRUTH.

How the Scientists Have Always Fought Against God and Nature—Souls Cannot be Saved by Logic or Scholastic Exploration, But by Faith.

THE HAMPTONS, Aug. 21.—"The Facts Proved" is the subject of discourse by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., to-day. His text is from the 15th chapter of Acts iii: "We are witnesses." Following is his sermon in full:

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburg, and from Edinburg to London, have made all the nation witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the National and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Prof. Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of Thomas." There is no skeptic moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this house is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out: "We are witnesses!"

The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God, it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and revelation are useful for their discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if 500 men, or 1,000 men, or 500,000 men, or 5,000,000 men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound as a fair-minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity.

The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul.

The gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversation is only imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are 53,000 converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are 20,000 Baptist in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are 15,000 in China to-day. People have laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidences of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are the witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on a sick bed, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun to distribute among the unconverted, but the next day was found crying: "Oh! my great sins! Oh! my great Savior!" and for eleven years preached the gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being: "Free grace! Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful apetite had seen down its fangs around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind, and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else."

There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities, and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this house to-night who are no more what they once were than a water lily is nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people in this house who have felt the converting power of the Lord Jesus Christ rise far from being ashamed, they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingled with their exhileration as they cried: "We are witnesses!" If they tried to sing the old gospel hymn they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
Oh! if I blush when I confess his name:
That I no more revere His name."

Again I remark that "we are witnesses" of the gospel's power to comfort.

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says: "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice. Get your mind off of it! when everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You cannot stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plot she picked flowers, or into that show window she looked, fascinated, saying: "Come, see the pictures." Go deeper into business? Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left.

Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart! I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Symphony" as I can this world can comfort a broken heart.

And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say: "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." No. There was a moment when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the face and the eyes of the dear one, and say: "It is all right; she is better off, I would not call her back. Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast comforted my poor heart."

There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arm by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you the child at all, if so soon He was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God.

What has enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray, or to look up, He breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying: "Aye, aye, we are witnesses!"

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the corn fields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels at the top?" and after it was explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox, or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses.

I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury, and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one, we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one, you bowed submissive in awe. In the other case, you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did you feel in the last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "but I remember they thought the day yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there was a few momentoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-bye and went asleep as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than she loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us, when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith in the words of Jesus, and in glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say: "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else: "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say: "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give us testimony. Come up this day. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and what you have heard with your own ears. Is there power in this gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle-aged: "We are witnesses."

You see, my friends, I have not put before you an abstraction or a chimera or anything like guess-work. I present you all that is best and worst in men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble, and to afford composure in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness, and took certain medicine and it cured them you would probably take it. Now suppose ten other men should come up and say: "We don't believe there is anything in that medicine." Well, I say, I have your record of 10 to 1. I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say: "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then, avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the million of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take these testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses."

Some time ago, Prof. Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say, "where?" How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the star of Bethlehem.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem."

Oh, hearer, get your eyes on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Madame Sontag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied: "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Madame Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it is said that Madame Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death, Madame Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy.

But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind, immortal, poor, and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity, He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music he comes to plead for thy deliverance.

STOPPED THE REVIVAL.

A Minister Who Stole a Cow to Pay Camp-meeting Expenses.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 18.—[Special wire.]—A strange case is reported from the Hermitage district of this county. Richard Hunt, a colored preacher, has built up a little congregation and established a small church. He wanted to hold a revival, but the slight expense attached to lights, etc., could not be met.

He stole a cow from one of his neighbors, brought it to Nashville, and sold it for $15 and went back and started his revival. He had secured sixteen converts, and six more promising mourners on the anxious seat, when the constable came along, closed up the revival, and brought Hunt to Nashville, where he is now in jail.

News of the Week.

STARVING AMID FILTH.

An Aged Miser Who has Become a Public Nuisance.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—[Special wire.]—Old Julius Weisbaden, who looks as if he were a hundred but says that he is only 75, is slowly dying of starvation at No. 123 Cannon Street. Going without food is not a matter of necessity but of choice to him, for it is estimated that he has got safely stowed away somewhere, from $25,000 to $30,000. He lived for many years in Sheriff street, but his miserly habits were not shown there, and the room that he occupied was a model of neatness and cleanliness. Weisbaden made his money in the coffee trade. He was connected with a large down-town firm as salesman, and it said that he was an expert in his business.

He became feeble, and about a year ago gave up working. The idea got the possession of him, after he had nothing to do, that there was nothing left for him but the poorhouse. He hoarded his gold in the full strength of his miserly passion, and denied himself everything that would cost money. He begged food from his friends, and wept when he had to part with the money to pay for his room. He ate so little that he was an easy prey for disease, and he fell a victim to consumption. If any one tried to clean his room he would become violent, and the result is that his room is a seething mass of filth, unfit for any human being to live in.

Complaints were made to John Matthews, the owner of the building, by the tenants that they could not stand the stench coming from Weisbaden's room. Dr. Matthews, the owner's brother, went to see Weisbaden and tried to induce him to go to a hospital. He would not go because he thought it would cost him something. Dr. Matthews left a prescription for Weisbaden but the old man would not have it put up. The miserly habit was so fully developed in him that he refused to eat food which was sent to him. He would rather hoard it than eat it.

For three weeks he has not been out of his room, and he has kept the door locked most of the time. He has not taken any food during this period, and the only thing that has passed his lips has been a small amount of stale beer every day. Rabbi Strauss was told about Weisbaden last week, and went to see him. After much persuasion the old man let the Rabbi in, but watched him suspiciously all the time, and would not take advice from him. The Rabbi came again the following day and the door was closed against him.

Mrs. McArdle, who has a room in the garret near the miser, could not stand the odor any longer and complained to the Union Market police station. Roundsman Flannigan went to the house, and when he pushed open the miser's door, he had to protect his nose with a handkerchief saturated with ammonia. Weisbaden was sitting in a chair covered with vermin. His clothes were scattered and torn. It was almost impossible to walk in the room on account of the filth that covered the floor. The old man was in a semi comatose condition with his hair matted around his face.

He was nothing more than skin and bones and hardly able to move. He would not speak to the officer, and had an idea that he had come to protect him. Then the old man became imbued with new life and showed the officer three bank books with a large sum of money to his credit. The officer tried to induce Weisbaden to go to a hospital, where he could get a room for $5 a week; but he would not consent. When asked where his money was, Weisbaden tapped the wall and floor, and then sat on a large trunk.

A report of the case was sent to police headquarters last evening from the Tilte health board he urged to act as speedily as possible in removing Weisbaden from the place.

It was said last evening by Weisbaden's friends that he has wealthy relatives in Germany who are large land owners. He has a wife and several children there, and it is supposed that he left them because of some domestic troubles. He came to this country about thirty-one years ago.

THE SEALERS.

Reports from Alaska on the Seizures Made in Those Waters.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—The secretary of the treasury has received reports from Capt. Shepard, commanding the revenue steamer Rush, dated Ounalaska, Alaska, July 11 and 18, in regard to his cruise in the waters of that vicinity. He says that on July 9, in the Behring sea, 59 miles distant from Cape Cheerful, he boarded the British schooner W. P. Sayward, of Victoria, B. O, and found that she was on a sealing voyage and had been in the Behring sea for that day.

Her captain reported 485 sealskins on board, 64 of which were taken in Behring Sea. The vessel was under short sail and one canoe with two Indians was out sealing at the time. Her crew consisted of six white men and seventeen Indians. The vessel was seized for violation of section 1956, revised statutes, and towed to Ounalaska, where the captured sealskins were delivered to the United States deputy marshal. The vessel and crew were then sent to Sitka tor delivery to the United States marshal and the crew was set at liberty.

On July 12 Capt. Shepard seized the British steam schooner Dolphin, of Victoria, B. C., in Behring Sea, 40 miles from Cape Cheerful. She had been in the sea for three days and had on board 618 sealskins. Ten canoes and one boat were out sealing at the time of sighting. A dozen dead seals were taken on the schooner from the canoes while the Rush was approaching and three scattered seals recently killed were found in the small boat.

The crew consisted of seven white and 26 Indians from British Columbia.

They had a number of firearms with ammunition. The seals were seized for violating section 1955, Revised Statutes.

July 16, Captain Shepard seized the American schooner "Lily L." of San Francisco, which was found seal hunting in Behring sea about 68 miles from St. George island. Captain Todd, her master, admitted he went into Behring sea to hunt seal, and said he had a perfect right to any seal he might catch any where outside the nine mile limit from shore.

The next day, July 17, Captain Shepard seized the British sealing schooner "Grace" in Behring sea, 96 miles from Ounalaska for violation of the seal fishery laws.

She had been in Bearing Sea ten days and had 709 sealskins on board. Captain Shepherd saw the seal shot and taken into a small boat while he was approaching the schooner, and he saw many more seals which had been recently killed. The vessels were all sent to Sitka, Alaska, and turned over to the United States marshal for prosecution.

The British schooner Anna Beck, previously seized, has also been sent to Sitka.

SHE LOVED THE COACHMAN.

A Fall River Heiress Runs Away with Her Grandmother's Driver.

BOSTON, Aug. 18.—[Special wire.]—Several months ago when coachmen were in high favor with wealthy young women, Miss Josie Barnard of Fall River, an heiress, wedded Philip Tilley, the driver of her grandmother's team. The marriage was kept quiet by the interested parties for a time, but when it was finally known, Philip and his young bride did not wait for any interview with the angry grandmother, but fled to Providence.

The husband did not find it easy to obtain employment in that city, and their slender stock of money was rapidly diminishing, when a removal was made to Pawtucket. They soon became tired of Pawtucket, and after short stays in various places went to Lowell about a week ago. They had on their arrival two trunks and 75 cents in cash. Scully could not obtain employment.

The disheartened wife determined to take a decisive step and try to reconcile her grand mother. In order to obtain money to buy her fare to Fall River she was obliged to appeal to the overseer of the poor. Her last words to her husband before taking the train was that she would endeavor to reconcile her relatives to their marriage.

Miss Barnard's father was a wealthy insurance man, and the family is an aristocratic one.

SUPERNATURAL MELODY.

Strange Music Heard at a Burial Service—Is Cause a Mystery.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 18.—A most remarkable story, well authenticated, comes from Banks county, concerning the burial of the late Dr. A. D. Chinault. He was interred at Win's burying ground near Lula. After the grave had been prepared, the corpse carried to it, and the funeral rites performed, the coffin was lowered into the vault, and the grave was just about to be filled when a strange noise was heard that sounded like music from the harp. The crowd was considerably agitated and a general commotion followed.

No one knew what or where it was. To some it appeared to be in the grave, and to others in the trees. There is no doubt about there being a strange noise heard, or one that will in all probability never be explained this side of eternity. The Rev. G. D. Cartledge, who was conducting the funeral rites, says he did not hear the noise, as he is a little deaf, but noticed the congregation was excited and that there was something unusual operating upon the audience. Just what caused the noise or what it was it is highly probable will never be explained.

PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICANS.

The Importance of the Deliberations Fully Understood.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 17.—The Republican state convention was called to order by Chairman Thomas V. Cooper, of the State committee, at 10:30 o'clock.

Walter B. Lyons was elected temporary chairman. He thanked the convention for the honor, and said this was the skirmish of the great battle of 1888, and therefore it became the party to act wisely and well; to see that the party platform was such as the great fight of the future could be entered upon with safety.

William B. Hart was nominated by the convention for state treasurer by acclamation.

James Williams was nominated for supreme judge and the convention took a recess.

The following is the closing portion of the seventh plank in the platform:

The Republicans of Pennsylvania, the native state of Honorable James G. Blaine, will view with high pleasure his nomination for the Presidency in the campaign of 1888. Accident cannot abate the love of a great party, nor the admiration of a great people, for a statesman true alike to his convictions and to his country.

Clevelands' Rebel Acts Strongly and Properly Censured.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 18.—The following is the 7th plank of the Pennsylvania Republican Platform:

We denounce the Democratic party and present national administration for general imbecility in dealing with all great national questions. The only energy they have exhibited has been the displacement of experienced officers without cause, at the dictation of the civil service pledges. The national administration seems to have no policy beyond expediency, no principles beyond the establishment of its succession. In order to preserve the old Democratic South, President Cle

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The Pacific railroad investigation is closed.

The Arch Duchess Maria Josepha is dying.

Only half a crop of New Jersey cranberries.

The duke of Marlborough is coming to New York.

The Ghilsai rebellion has collaped in Afghanistan.

Rumors of Stanley's death in Africa not believed.

The Bulgarian government has ordered 300,000 rifles.

Russia's protested to Turkey against Prince Ferdinand.

The exports of merchandise last week were valued at $6,241,345.

No more Sunday ball games at Cleveland. City council forbids it.

The floods in Chuchafu, China, have swept away over 1,000 Chinese.

Prince Ferdinand has arrived at Philippopolis, the capital of his dominions.

The cabinet have decided to hold an autumnal session of parliament.

Total number of yellow fever cases at Key West to date, 254; deaths, 53.

Lord Hartington is called by the London *Standard* to form a coalition ministry.

Five thousand Russians have arrived at Karakul and 4,000 at Birkhal, Badakshan.

The Irish National league has received $10,000 from America in the last two weeks.

Gen. Fairchild reports that the G. A. R. has increased 12,000 in members in the last quarter.

A San Francisco whaling fleet reports the catch of 54 whales and the New Bedford, Mass., fleet of 14 whales.

Indiana will test the new law taxing express, telegraph, and sleeping-car companies $1 on each $100 income.

Heavy shipments of arms have been made from San Francisco to Honolulu, and further trouble is expected.

Mgr. Persico, the pope's envoy to Ireland, is being enthusiastically received wherever he goes in that country.

Senator Allison will be brought out as a Presidential candidate at the Iowa state Republican convention, if he consents.

A general suspension of the western window glass factories may result from a demand for 10 per cent. advance in wages.

The North German *Gazette* says Germany cannot approve of Prince Ferdinand's assumption of the Bulgarian throne.

The San Francisco Produce exchange, which has been demoralized over the wheat corner, has reorganized with a new constitution.

The steamer Fulda, which has arrived at New York, brought $200,000 in English gold. Total gold imports so far this week, $620,000.

Queen Victoria has sent a reply to the President's congratulatory jubilee telegram. It abounds in "wes" and "ours" and stilted phrases.

Clearing house tables from 37 leading American cities show an increase in all but five, namely: New York, decrease, 17.6; Philadelphia, 2.6; Cincinnati, 3.1; Galveston, 11.9; Worcester, 3.4. The total was $806,509,876; outside of New York, $301,002,174.

The following was the visible supply of grain in store and afloat August 20, as reported by the New York Produce Exchange: Wheat, 31,998,593 bushels, decrease, 771,468 bushels corn, 6,103,143 bushels, decrease, 690,628 bushels; oats, 4,457,007 bushels, increase, 717,118; rye, 170 bushels; two, 500,586 bushels, decrease, 848 bushels; barley, 153,686 bushels, increase, 22,425 bushels.

The president of the world's W. C. T. U., Margaret Bright Lucas, of London, and Miss Frances E. Willard, vice-president for the United States, Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, of Philadelphia, secretary, have sent out a call to the Christian women in every land and of every denomination who are interested in temperance reform to observe the 12th and 13th of November next as days of prayer for the success of the work in which they are engaged.

VIRGINIA WARMED UP.

An Address by the Republicans to Their Fellow Countrymen.

PETERSBURG, Va., Aug. 23.—The Virginia Republican State committee has issued an address of 4 000 words to the Republican electors of the state. The first part of it is an answer to an address recently put forth by the Democrats. Here is a sample of the latter part:

First—As to the endorsement of President Cleveland and the declaration which the Democratic address makes that his administration will receive cordial support from the Democratic party of Virginia. If this statement is sincere, then the succeeding statements demanding an immediate international revenue system and the passage of the Blair bill, must be insincere, for the opposition of President Cleveland to the one and the lack of his endorsement of the other, is known of all men.

His formal express approval of Secretary Manning's views and recommendations upon the subject of taxation revenue is conclusive upon Mahone. Secretary Manning not only deprecated the fact that there is no longer duty or tax imposed upon tea and coffee, but while urging a reduction of duties upon such articles of import as are produced in our own country, squarely opposes a reduction of taxes upon tobacco, fruit and distillations of whisky. President Cleveland approves the views and recommendations of Secretary Manning.

The Democratic state convention of Roanoke convention indorse this administration, yet declare for the repeal of internal revenue.

Second—As to the internal revenue system, the Roanoke platform speaks to create an impression among the people that the Democratic party favors the immediate repeal of that system. It may be that the Democratic managers who promulgated that platform sincerely wish the repeal of the internal revenue system from motives of self-preservation. But when they formally declare for the repeal of the system as a part of Democratic faith, it is apparent they are guilty of an effort to deceive the voters of this commonwealth.

That system is held by the Democratic party as a hostage to compel the overthrow of the Republican policy of protection to American labor and industries.

The men of the Roanoke platform know full well that the National Democracy opposes that repeal; that the few Democrats in accord with this declaration of the Roanoke platform are a hopeless minority of the Democratic party.

The address then quotes numerous instances of the proceedings of the Democratic Congress on the propositions to abolish the internal revenue taxes, and says:

We declare to you that the moment the Republican party lost control of the government, it was prepared to act upon this subject; that President Arthur had urged the repeal of the taxes, and the Democratic House with the Republican Senate, ready and anxious to reduce taxes, declined to proceed; that the Republican party is now practically united in favor of the repeal of tax on tobacco, fruit and distillations, and that if restored to power it will remove the burden which these domestic products have so long endured.

Third—As to the tariff platform of the Roanoke convention, in this respect it is at variance with the record of the National Democratic party. It traverses the national platform of the party, the recommendations of its President and propositions and of the controlling action in Congress. The Roanoke platform declares in favor of the revenue derived from tariff on imports, in favor of the repeal of the internal revenue system, while the record of the Democratic party of the country consistently and unwaveringly shows that the reverse is a Democratic doctrine.

The Democratic view is a reduction of import duties to secure free trade, maintenance of the internal revenue system as a means of compelling the adoption of that un-American policy, and we arraign the Roanoke platform as misleading and seeking to deceive the people of Virginia.

The address then arraigns the Democracy for its course on the state debt question, and continues:

While the finances of the state were in a hopelessly muddled condition the Republican legislature passed a wise, beneficient measure setting forth the amount of the public debt and a plan of readjusting it equitably. The Bourbons abandoned all pretence of opposition to it, but from the moment the Democratic managers were restored to the control of state affairs they baffled its execution by their incompetency and wilful fulness.

As to promised aid for our disabled soldiers and their widows the Republican party will cheerfully unite with every such effort in the future as it has in the past, but we warn the people now in Virginia that if the party now in power is allowed to remain in control its incompetency and mismanagement will leave no revenues to be appropriated for the relief of the soldiers and their widows.

As to the public schools, the statement that the Democratic party founded the school system of Virginia is untrue by the records. The school system of Virginia was incorporated into the Virginia constitution by a Republican convention and adopted by all the people.

The declaration in favor of the Blair bill is grace with other pretences of paper which we are celebrating. The Blair bill was twice passed by a Republican Senate and twice defeated by a Democratic House.

Touching the resolution endorsing the administration of Fitz Hugh Lee, governor of Virginia, as "wise and judicious," the address gives a list of the governor's shortcomings including the following:

He invited representatives of British bondholders to the capital of Virginia, and while Morley was in Richmond wrote a letter in favor of their efforts at a settlement with the state involving millions, the public press announced Gov. Lee absent from his commonwealth officiating as judge of a horse race at Washington.

Turning then from the Democratic "platform of apologies and explanations," the address proceeds:

As to the practices of the Democracy we submit that its record of crimes and outrages on suffrage in the procurement of power, of incompetency and bad administration in the exercise of that power when obtained, is a stronger argument than words.

We respectfully submit this address to the people of Virginia, in the hope and belief that before they resolve to vote again with Democratic managers of this state they will ponder these statements and recurring to the past contrast our present condition with the prosperity and content which pervaded our land under the administration of the Republican party. It surely is a cheerful won and easily attained trust which reposes in fancied security upon a cabal of shifty trimmers, who, denouncing Republicanism and professing Democracy, acquiesced in the state Republican platform in 1883 and adopted by the National Republican platform in 1887.

COLOROW'S BAND.

A Feeling Exists, Regardless of Contradictions, That There Will be a Bloody Outbreak.

DENVER, Col., Aug. 23.—[Special wire.]—A courier who arrived at Glenwood Springs yesterday brings the latest news from Meeker in which it is stated that Sheriff Kendall had gone out, accompanied by 75 well armed and equipped frontiersmen, for the purpose of locating and engaging the Indians, who are supposed to be camped about 25 miles from Meeker.

The number of Indians is estimated at from 125 to 200. They are said to be in the high timber land in an almost impregnable position, where they will be able to stand off quite an army. A courier just arrived at Glenwood Springs, brings a message from Gen. Reardon, who is in command of the troops en route to Meeker. Gen. Reardon's message is dated at Morgan's ranch, on the divide, about 30 miles out from Meeker, and shows that he has made half the journey in safety.

His scouts report that about nine miles distant from Morgan's ranch, they struck a fresh Ute trail, which showed that three Indians had crossed ahead of them on the road. Reardon will hold his command at this ranch until he hears from Kendall, as he thinks that if he has had an engagement with the Indians he will drive them towards Morgan's ranch. Adjutant Gen. West has left Glenwood Springs for Meeker, and Gen. E. B. Brooks is now commanding at that place. The people of Meeker feel confident that a Ute war will surely take place.

TRYING TO NEGOTIATE—BETTER USE BULLETS.

A special from Omaha, Neb., says: Gen. Crook received a dispatch yesterday from Major Randlett, in command of Fort Duchesne, Utah, in which he gives an account of an unsuccessful attempt to find Colorow and negotiate with him. The dispatch stated that Indian Agent Byrnes, in charge of the White River Utes, at Uintah agency, had sent out a white man in company with Ehey, Colorow's son, to a point near Meeker, where Colorow was supposed to be camped.

On arriving there they found the camp had been burned, and domestic utensils were scattered about as if the place had been evacuated in great haste. Young Colorow said he was confident the camp had been attacked and burned by cowboys. It was also reported that Chapita, the widow of Chief Ouray, had been made away with, as she was among the missing squaws.

The Utes at this agency, so the dispatch says, have no knowledge of the outbreak, and understands that the Colorado authorities are after Colorow for committing the depredations. Gen. Crook said he had received no direct information that there had been an outbreak, and is strongly inclined to the belief that there is nothing in it.

WAR DEPARTMENT BULLETIN.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—The following telegram has been received at the War department from Maj. Randall, commanding Fort Duchesne, Utah, dated August 19, through Gen. Merry:

Colorow has his followers with him, about 150 in all, including men, women and children. There are no indications of his being reinforced. All the Indians at Uintah and Ouray want peace.

I believe Colorow would come to the reservation if he could get there without being attacked. Most of the party who went out with Mr. Andrews have returned to the agency this morning. The Indians that left Colorow's camp could not be found. The fear of the citizens kept them from a search. Great anxiety is manifested concerning Chepita. If the cowboys have harmed her, I anticipate trouble with more trouble. I say to the Indians that I hope she is with Colorow, or maybe, is a prisoner at Glenwood Springs. Wish the latter could be ascertained.

This is the first time that the name of Chapita has been mentioned in any of the reports from the scene of the reported Indian troubles. Although nothing is known of her here, it is presumed at the war department that she is either a relative of Colorow, or daughter of some prominent Chief. [She is Chief Ouray's squaw.]

The acting secretary of war is in receipt of a communication from acting Secretary Muldrow, stating that a telegram has been received at the Interior department from Senator Teller, at Denver, to the effect that, if the Utes in Colorado are not returned to the reservation, there will be trouble. Secretary Muldrow says:

The Indians under Colorow have been staying in Colorado, on the Western border, near the reservation in Utah, presumably to the destruction of settlers in that locality, who have often complained. It appears from press reports that they are resisting, by force, the civil process of the state authorities and are creating considerable alarm by their conduct. This department has made several efforts to induce them to remain upon the reservation in Utah. * * * Under the laws these Indians are encouraged to leave their tribal relations and are entitled to seek homes and selections of lands on the public domain. The department has no information that the presence of these Indians in Colorado is for that purpose. On the other hand, the information made sot out the claim of these Indians that they were on their reservation, which seems not to be the fact.

*

TIRED OF GROVER.

Col. Dan Wants to Go Into Journalism and Let Cleveland Run the Country.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—An interesting story comes from Albany in effect that Dan Lamont is getting tired of being Cleveland's private secretary, and wants to get back into journalism, and to that end has been purchasing stock of the Albany *Argus*, in the hope of getting control of the paper.

In the last particular his game has been blocked by ex-Secretary Dan Manning, who has been the leading spirit for years in the management of the paper, and is loth to give up his grip. The story gives it out further that Manning and Cleveland were not on the best of terms when the former left the Cabinet, though that much was suppised at the time and ouublished ovea and over again. It is stated that on this account the President was hopeful that Lamont's scheme would prove successful and was secretly abetting it. One purpose of Lamont was to get in the control of the *Argus* an influence in New York politics which would put him at the head of the Democratic party and induce the state, and he would be able to dictate to the small fry and possibly boom himself for the governorship two years hence.

Manning first started Lamont on the *Argus* by presenting him with $5,000 worth of stock in the paper, and naturally he feels somewhat put out to learn that the young man is now trying to freeze him out of the concern. It is needless to add that both Lamont and Manning deny that there is any truth in the story, as it comes from Albany, but the circumstantial evidence is very strong against them.

"NO. 1," OF PHŒNIX PARK.

No Reprisals will Follow the Proclaiming of the League.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—[Special wire.]—P. J. F. Tynan, who has been extensively accused of being the mysterious No. 1, of the Phœnix park murderers, was asked yesterday what he thought about the proclamation of the Irish National league by the British government. He said:

The Tories would never have attempted to take this course if they feared any organized retaliation on the part of the Irish people. The order has gone forth from Mr. Parnell to keep quiet and obey the law, and I have no reason to think but that his order will be implicitly obeyed.

Of course, if many arrests take place, which is not only probable but almost certain, particularly of Irish members of Parliament, there will be a great deal of excitement and a few fiery speeches from the most courageous. But as to any tragedy like that of Phœnix Park taking place, as predicted by prominent Irishmen, it is out of the question.

The statements given by Mr. Parnell and his friends to anything bordering on serious violence the Tories know full well puts this as a factor outside the issue. That great war engine called the "Irish vote" will not be called on to prove if it is deserving the praise showered on it by so many Irish leaders. This winter will be a severe one on Ireland.

The long dreath foreshadows a famine, which shows the stupidity of the Tories in resorting to extreme measures. They could have crushed the Irish people as successfully by the present machinery of ordinary British rule and thus perpetuated the people to die quietly under the parents established by a so-called friendly [illegible] I cannot seem to have [illegible] stone to power. This is not [illegible] for years to come, as the Tories still command a majority. Every sincere Irish Nationalist hopes this event will come soon. The attitude of the Irish people in the presence of another home rule bill will prove if they are worthy of freedom.

SWINDLING IMMIGRANTS.

Currency Used in Business Colleges Palmed off on Them as U. S. Money.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 23.—Complaint having been made that immigrants at Castle Garden were swindled by paper resembling United States money, but called college currency, steps were taken to find out its origin. It was found in Jacob H. Longs printing office at Hamilton, O., and quite a number of plates were seized, and Mr. Long warned to print no more of it.

The imitation of United States notes was close, especially the back of the note. The currency was not issued to deceive, but for use in business colleges, but swindlers found it convenient to use on strangers, and at the statutes forbid the making of any imitation of United States currency for any purpose, the plates are contraband.

BALD-KNOB TRIALS.

Exciting Scenes in the Little Missouri Town of Ozark.

OZARK, Mo., Aug. 23.—The Bald-Knobbers are again in Ozark and the first day of the trial found the court room crowded with anxious spectators. The sheriff stole a march on the populace by announcing that the prisoners would not be brought from Springfield until Monday, and early Sunday morning he stepped with the captive regulators from the train at Ozark.

Word soon flew to their families and friends and the jail was crowded with women and children, who pressed their troubled faces against the bars of the jail in their efforts to get nearer. The men accustomed to active life, showed the effects of their confinement in the narrow cells. The bronzed faces had assumed a paleness, and their manners were less careless.

Judge Hubbard opened court at 1 o'clock Monday. He gave instructions to the grand jury that they had a better opportunity to investigate the acts of the Christian county regulators than the former inquiring tribunal possessed, as the backbone of the organization had been broken. Several motions to quash the minor indictments were filed, among them being some that had signified a willingness to testify for the state.

At 4 o'clock, while the court was in session, a wild, wierd scene occurred at the jail. The wife of Wm. Stanley rushed in a frenzy from a sick bed and the frantic shrieks of the poor woman disturbed the sombre town, as she ran toward the jail, with arms outstretched, praying to Heaven to protect the innocent and save her imprisoned husband. Their presence there will also make the unruly provinces submit to Federal authority."

Her cries were taken up by other women and children and an excited crowd gathered around the jail, awe-stricken, at the tragic spectacle. The crazed woman exhorted the crowd for several minutes in a most fervid manner and was led away exhausted.

Just before court adjourned, John Wilson threw himself upon the mercy of the court, pleading guilty to whipping Green Walker. As this is the first plea of guilty for a Bald-Knob assault, and there are about 95 similar charges pending, the decision of the court is looked upon with the deepest anxiety. Wilson is a Baptist preacher.

BRAVE AMERICAN GIRLS.

They Refuse to Faint, but Insist on Having a Good Time.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—[Special wire.]—The Anchor Line steamship Anchoria, yesterday from Glasgow, reports that at 6 o'clock Saturday evening, when 180 miles from Sandy Hook, she encountered a hurricane from the northeast. The passengers were at supper. The breeze, which had been steady all day, died out, and shortly afterward the wind began to come in heavy gusts.

A few minutes afterwards a bank of inky clouds filled the sky, and then the storm began in earnest. The wind reached a velocity of 45 miles an hour, and lashed up such a sea that the waves broke over the vessel fore and aft.

Between the wind and rain and waves the officers of the vessel managed to hold their places only with the greatest difficulty. The aerial display was phenomenally brilliant. The flashes, which succeeded each other rapidly, were of great intensity, some of them lasting fully a minute. The sea was a mass of boiling phosphorescent foam. On the masts and rigging shone large balls of blue electric flame known as St. Elmos fire. At 10 o'clock the vessel was hove to, evidence of the hurricane making further progress impossible.

The passengers were all awakened and out of bed, and, while some of them were frightened, the majority remained cool. Among them were a number of young American girls, who climbed into the turret on the upper deck, and remained there enjoying the display till the storm passed. At midnight the storm broke, and the Anchoria resumed her course uninjured. Her commander, Capt. Brown, is of the opinion that the disturbance was a genuine West Indian cyclone.

THE LOST NAPOLEON.

Possible that Some of Her Crew May be Living and in Siberia.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 23.—[Special wire.]—Interviews with the officers of the bark Pearl, which has arrived from Fox Island, Alaska, elicits the information that there is a probability that in Siberia many several of the crew of the whaling bark Napoleon, which was wrecked about two years ago off the Siberian coast. There were two boats' crews that were never heard from after the wreck, among the lost being the first and third mates.

A piece of wood was secured by the Pearl from the natives, on which were carved initials which are supposed to be those of J. B. Vincent, of Martha's Vineyard, Mass., who was one of the Napoleon's crew. Other letters and characters under date of this year seemed to indicate the man's whereabouts to be at a village near Case Navaria, Siberia. Capt Healy, of the revenue cutter Bear, will endeavor to solve the mystery while in Siberian and Alaskan waters.

THE RICE CROP.

Discouraging News About this Great Product from South Carolina.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 23.—It is probable that the loss on the rice crop will exceed $100,000, the estimate made two weeks ago. Discouraging news continues to come in from the flooded districts in lower Carolina along the Santee and Santee rivers.

There is a very serious question now before the rice planters. It is what disposition is to be made of the negroes on their plantations at the first of next year.

There is no way for them to earn a living. In the meantime they will have to be supplied with food. Many planters are unable to do this as they have been mined by the freshet, and it will be necessary for the people of the state to contribute to their support.

If nothing is done for these negroes during the next four months they will starve. The loss of the rice field laborer means the abandonment of river plantations and the destruction of property worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

EXPERIENCE COMES HIGH,

But it is a Commodity Without Which No Man Can Succeed in Life.

MARSHALL, Ill., Aug. 23.—[Special wire.]—Near West York, Crawford county, yesterday, a man named Sankey found a queer looking box in a fence corner. Opening it a lot of carriages, apparently, were disclosed. Sankey took one out and began to pick it to pieces with a pin, when suddenly there was a terrible explosion, and his entire hand was blown off, his face being spattered with blood and shreds of flesh.

Sankey is terribly injured, and his recovery is doubtful. It is supposed that the explosives were dynamite cartridges, but how they got there and for what purpose they were intended is a mystery.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Life of the Ameer of Afghanistan Despaired Of.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 23.—A telegram from Merv says the Ameer of Afghanistan life is dispared of. One of his feet has been amputated owing to gangrene, and it is feared the shock will result in his death.

Ferdinand at Sofia.

SOFIA, Aug. 23.—Prince Ferdinand arrived here at 5 o'clock yesterday evening.

Russia's Wheat Crop Good.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 23.—An official report says the prospects for the Russian wheat crop, of both winter and summer wheat, are favorable in most districts. In the government of Taurida, however, they are unfavorable.

Canadian Sealers Falling Prey to Americans in Alaskan Waters.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 23.—The Fisheries department have received information of the seizure of more Canadian sealing vessels in the North Pacific ocean by an United States cruiser.

It is learned that the commanders of the the United States cruisers that are in the Alaska service have been ordered to seize all sealing vessels found in Behrings Sea unless they are the property of the Alaska Fur company.

Deed of Ingratitude.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 23.—Thomas Datt, a farmer of Gibsonia, Pa., sixteen miles from here, was fatally stabbed this morning by a German farm hand, whose name is not known. Datt discharged him because there was no work, and the German, without any other provocation, drew a large knife and thrust it into his former employer's abdomen.

Application for an Extradition.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 23.—An application for the extradition of two half-breeds, who were recently arrested in Montana on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of Hector McLeish near Wolseley, N. W. T., has been made to the Washington authorities.

Remains of a Giant in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 23.—Scientists are interested in the finding to-day in an excavation for a sewer on Walnut Hills, of a section of human vertabræ, petrified, of such dimensions as to indicate that it belonged to a race of giants nine feet high.

RED RIVER VALLEY RAILROAD.

The Belief Gaining Ground that Blood Will be Shed Before Long in Manitoba.

TORONTO, Aug. 23.—Mayor Walsh, a leading Conservative of Manitoba, has returned to Toronto from the Maritime provinces, where he had an interview with Sir John MacDonald regarding disallowance in Manitoba.

Sir John is determined that disallowance of the Red River valley railway charter shall take effect. "I am bound to see," he said, "that the supremacy of the Federal authority is maintained. It is time that the provinces should be taught that when Her Majesty's representative, with the consent of her advisers, sees fit to disallow a measure which is derogatory to the interests of the Dominion and the empire, they must submit gracefully."

Mr. Walsh said: "The people of Manitoba wish to build the Red River road with their own money, and are determined not to be prevented from so-doing. I am sure the volunteers of Ontario will not take up arms against their brothers in Manitoba."

"I am determined," said Sir John, "that the construction of that road shall be stopped, and if necessary by British regulars. On my suggestion the imperial government has decided to establish a garrison at Winnipeg, and troops will be sent there shortly."

"The idea has met with favor by the British government. They see that Winnipeg is an important strategetic point and that in event of war troops can be kept there cheaply and be transported to India or elsewhere with dispatch. Their presence there will also make the unruly provinces submit to Federal authority."

Mr. Walsh replied: "Our people will resist with an armed force, and if a collision occurs, rebellion will follow."

"I cannot help that," said Sir John. "We must see that Federal authority is maintained over provincial authority, and if rebellion is the result, it will not be my fault. It will be the fault of the Manitobians. I am determingd to stop the construction of the Red River Valley railway if it has to be done at the point of the bayonet."

John Norquay, premier of Manitoba, arrived here to-day from Winnipeg. In an interview he told your correspondent he knew some time ago of a scheme to garrison Winnipeg with troops, but that the Canadian Pacific railway is to be a subsidized route to India, he said, a garrison there is necessary, and the War office has decided to place a large garrison there immediately.

"What do you think of Sir John's threat to stop the construction of the Red River Valley railway with British troops?" asked your correspondent.

"He can do it only at the peril of rebellion, and that he dare not risk. The road must be built, and Sir John cannot stop it. Manitoba is determined to have a line to the United States boundary, independent of the Canadian Pacific railway or the Dominion government."

"An injunction has been served to prevent this work, but no Federal or other interference can stop it. Manitobians are bound to carry the work through if they have to resort to arms. We are progressing immensely with the work, and will soon have it in running order, despite the iron heeled opposition of Sir John MacDonald and the Canadian Pacific railroad monopoly."

In conclusion, Mr. Norquay said: "I wish the British regulars were in Winnipeg now. They are the men we want. We would appeal to them against the monstrous injustice sought to be fixed upon us by the Federal government and the Canadian Pacific railway."

An Ottawa special says the Dominion government view the situation with no small degree of alarm on account of past experience in dealing with Northwestern affairs. It is not probable that an injunction, without actual physical force behind it, will be any more effective than a paper disallowance. When a whole community has determined upon an object, as the Manitobans have to do, legal formalities lose their effectiveness and writs won't execute themselves.

The talk of the British regulars for settling the internal rows of the Dominion is dangerous. British red coats on the Red river shooting down colonists would be too wild a guess of wicked folly to dream of. If such an idea should get in Sir John MacDonald's head he would have him be sane, and if the proposition was listened to by the English government, British connection in Canada would not last long.

RIOT NEAR NANTICOKE.

Three Hundred Miners Engage in a Desperate Battle With Sticks.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 23.—A fearful riot took place Sunday at Glen Lyon, five miles from Nanticoke, in which 300 miners were engaged. The combatants were composed of men of all nationalities, Irishmen, Welchmen, Hungarians and Poles being largely represented.

Strangely enough, the mad occurrence was inspired by a Methodist preacher, named Taggart. It seems that it has been the custom of several Hungarian and Polish residents of Nanticoke to send peddlers to Glen Lyon daily to supply certain boarding-house keepers.

These latter in many instances are hired by young unmarried men, who club and live together. They order goods of the peddlers, who trust them. The Susquehanna Coal company always selects Saturday for pay day. Heretofore it has been their practice to pay at Nanticoke on Saturday.

This time, however, they paid the men at Glen Lyon or Morgantown on Sunday, which day has always been chosen by the merchants to make their collections. Rev. Mr. Taggart, of Glen Lyon, has frequently preached against this desecration of the Sabbath, and finally determined to put a stop to it, if possible.

Sunday he organized a posse of his church members for that purpose. The men got wind of it and made up their minds to resist any overtures of the kind. The collectors made their appearance, and the natural excitement of the moment was augmented by a universal indulgence in beer and whisky. As the day advanced the miners became alarmed at the situation and kept themselves in hiding.

The feeling of antagonism was so intense, however, that it finally culminated in a free fight between men of opposite nationalities and maddened with drink. Soon it was 300 men furiously engaged with sticks, stones, and clubs for weapons. The riot lasted an hour, and men were struck down on all sides. Dozens were carried away with cracked and bleeding heads to their homes.

A few women mixed in the fray and several of them were badly beaten. The riot ceased only when the participants were too few to carry it on, the wounded requiring the attention of many, who did not return after they left the field. To-day it is reported that over 60 of the rioters are seriously hurt, and many of them fatally. An investigation will be made with possible arrests. The town is in a fever of wild excitement.

M'GLYNN AND MALONE.

A Warlike Feeling Exists Among the Brooklyn Hibernians.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—The lecture of Dr. McGlynn before division 3, Ancient Order of Hibernians, in Brooklyn next Friday evening, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of that society, is assuming importance from a political and clerical point of view.

The efforts of a portion of the division to prevent the doctor from being invited to lecture were unsuccessful after causing much comment. The latest phase of the affair is that the eminent and venerable priest, Father Sylvester Malone, will probably be present at the lecture.

Father Malone has long been known as an ardent friend of Dr. McGlynn, but he has hitherto refrained from openly endorsing the latter's position. His brother, Edward Malone, M. D., will introduce Dr. McGlynn.

He said to-day when asked if he regarded this as consistent with his standing as a good Catholic: "Certainly I do. In my estimation and that of my brother, Rev. Sylvester Malone, Dr. McGlynn was unjustly excommunicated, and as good Catholics we must follow the dictates of our own conscience which forbids us from severing our connection with him." The quarrel in the Hibernians over this matter is attracting much attention in Brooklyn. The friends of Dr. McGlynn assert that his opponents are being instigaten by Boss McLaughlin because of Dr. McGlynn's influence in the United Labor party.

Must Recognize the Union Labor Party.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 23.—Judge Kumber, of the court of Common Pleas, has granted a mandamus on the application of the Union Labor party, directing the board of Elections to hereafter recognize the Union Labor party in making appointments of clerks, registrars and judges of elections.

$16,000,000 in Pensions.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—Warrants for pensions amounting to $16,253,000 were issued from the treasury to-day. Notwithstanding this large payment the excess of government receipts over expenditures, since the first of the present month, is about three and a half millions.

Referee for Ives.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—Judge Bookstaver to-day appointed Noah Davis referee, on application of both Ives and his creditors. He will begin an examination to-morrow.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Statement of the Condition of Traffic.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their *Weekly Trade Review*, say: Everything now turns on crop prospects. Considerable injury is no longer disputed. Indeed, its effects are already felt in the diminishing demand from regions most affected by the drouth for some manufactured products. But estimates of the extent of the harm done differ widely. Chicago and Detroit advices indicate that the rains were too late to save a considerable portion of the corn crop, but after declining 1½ cents, on the growing impression that the injury would not prove so extensive as to balance the increase in acreage, the price rose as much on reports of injury by frost on Thursday.

The latest government reports point to the probable yield as slightly less than that of last year. Wheat rose half a cent on Wednesday, but lost the advance. The injury to this crop does not appear important. Official figures point to a yield exceeding 430,000,000 bushels, which, with the stocks carried over, would meet all probable requirements.

Cotton speculation resulted in a further decline. While New Orleans reports as to the yield are less favorable, Atlanta and Galveston report improvement from recent rains. Injury to rice from drouth and freshets is estimated in Savannah at from 250,000 to 300,000 bushels.

What may prove a most serious effect of the long drouth is the injury to pastures and the hay crop. The consequent losses in dairy and animal products is often overlooked.

But the movement of grain from the northwest is remarkably large, though lake transporters get the lion's share of it. Buffalo's July receipts by lake have never been exceeded but once, while the latest report of the east-bound rail shipments from Chicago is the smallest for many years.

While railroads continue to report large earnings 108 roads show a net gain of 7 per cent. for July over last year. Weakness in securities operates to prevent sales for extensions of new roads, and this affects the demand for rails and iron at Philadelphia. Rails seem weaker and the sale of 7,000 tons to a Southern road at a price equivalent to $37 at the mill is noted. Makers are disposed to meet foreign competition though a renewal of the compact to regulate production promises to prevent an undue depression. Pig iron is also shaded and it is admitted that the supply seems to exceed the demand.

The monetary situation has one unfavorable, and several favorable features. The stringency increases, at several interior points. Reports of satisfactory or "only fair" collections grow more numerous, but the purchase of bonds by the treasurer, shipments of gold from Europe and sales of securities abroad by Mr. Gould and by some German houses here appear to avert the pressure in this market for the present.

Reports in July were more satisfactory, and for the past three weeks have been slightly larger than for the same weeks last year. While the reports of gold on the way from Europe are probably exaggerated for effect, the outward movement of securities undoubtedly continues.

The possibilities of important failures resulting from recent doings speculations and the chance of large demands for money from the West and South are not to be safely overlooked.

Business failures occurring throughout the United States and Canada during the last seven days number, for the United States, 135; for Canada, 26.

TRADE IS GOOD

And Business Men Feel That the Era of Prosperity is to Continue.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—[Special wire.]—The *Herald* prints a page of interviews with the leading firms in the different branches of trade in this city. They show that there has been a gradual but steady increase since the first of the year over the business of the past five years. Many merchants admit, however, that even better trade would have been done if the money market had not been so close, while others hold that this same closeness of the money market has tended to solidify trade by restricting undue speculation and infusing more care and thought into the minds of those who otherwise might have been tempted to fly and fly higher than the height of their wings warranted.

The dry goods men express themselves as being well satisfied with the business done. Collections are reported good.

A healthy market seems to have been a universal expression. The carpet trade is reported to be in a remarkably healthy condition. The furniture men are reported as having no complaints to make.

Dealers in woolens and worsteds state that trade in their line has been fully up to that of last year, but not much over it.

Collections are reported good and but few accounts run over time. The clothing men are waiting to hear from the unharvested cotton crop, but seem to be contented. The boot and shoe men seem to be the happiest crowd in the city. They are reported as being crowded with orders at good prices.

The jewelers say the outlook is promising, and "we are always the last to feel the boom." The wholesale grocers are well satisfied and seem sure business will continue to increase.

AMERICA FOR AMERICANS.

The Knights of Labor to Revive the Old Know-Nothing Party.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 22.—[Special wire.]—The old cry of the Know-Nothing party, "America for Americans," will again be raised in the presidential campaign of 1888 by a new party, come forth, like Lazarus, from the tomb of the old. The projectors of the renewed movement say, however, that the Know-Nothing movement never was dead, and that, with the objectionable features lopped off, it still lives.

During the celebration of the constitutional centennial in this city a preparatory convention will be held, at which delegates from 38 states will be present. A call for this convention has already been drafted by a body known as "The American National Committee," composed of some twenty or thirty men. Although this committee has been working very quietly they have been for over a year in active correspondence with more or less prominent people throughout the country and have laid a foundation for a solid party organization.

They claim among their number over 1,500,000 persons, members of societies, whose purpose is to inculcate purely American ideas, some of which are a revival of some of the know-Nothing organizations of 1844.

General Master Workman Powderly is a prominent member of this new party, and has given utterance more than once to the principles this new party proposes to stand on. These principles all start out from one central idea—the restriction of immigration.

The September convention will devote itself to formulating a scheme to effect a thorough organization of state, county and township committees, and will call a convention to be held next July, probably in this city, when candidates for President Vice President and a state ticket will be put in the field.

THE WALKING DELEGATE.

He is Sued for the Damage he Caused in Ordering a Strike.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—A suit has come up in the city court that will be watched with interest by builders, manufacturers and others who have felt the power held by the walking delegate; and it will also be watched by the delegates, to whom such positions are sinecures.

The question involved is, whether a labor union has the right to enforce the rules of its organization on the present mode of procedure—the strike and boycott.

Walking delegate Farrell, of the Journeymen Plumbers' Union, was arrested on Thursday on a warrant sworn out by Thos. Cochrane, a boss plumber, who charged Farrell with causing his losses at various times by ordering strikes on his jobs.

Farrell spent the night in Ludlow street jail, but was released on bail yesterday through the efforts of his lawyers, and a counter suit for causing his arrest, and bringing a suit against him unjustly, has been begun against Mr. Cochrane.

Farrell's story is that according to the rules of the Central Labor Union, he had authority to order that strikers; non-union men were employed and union men refused to work with them, and to get Mr. Cochrane to arbitrate the matter the strike was ordered.

THE VIRDICT IN.

Poor, Stammering Caughlin Held to the Grand Jury.

CHATSWORTH, Ill., Aug. 18.—The coroner's jury agreed on a verdict this morning, which holds Timothy Caughlin, foreman of section 7, to the grand jury, and negatively exonerates the company. The management is not censured for running a double-header, for a lax system of track inspection, or for anything.

The verdict simply says that the failure to patrol the track for six hours before the train came, and the habit of burning grass close to the track, is a subject for criticism.

The three or four friends of the road on the jury had better staying qualities than the two or three of those who wanted to fix a portion of the blame on the management.

THE LEAGUE PROCLAIMED.

A Warm Time in the London House of Commons.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—Balfaur, chief secretary for Ireland, announced in the Commons that the government had proclaimed the Irish National League as a dangerous association under section 6 of the Irish crime act, amendment bill, recently made a law. The government has thus taken the power conferred upon them by that statute to prohibit and suppress the league Continuing, Balfaur said: "There are two sub-heads of the sixth section of the act mentioned in the proclamation which declares as follows: Whereas, we are satisfied that there exists in Ireland an association known as the Irish National League, which in parts of Ireland promotes and incites acts of violence and intimidation."

A voice—"Is it so." No branch of the league is engaged in such work."

The subject was then dropped and the House went into committee on the land allotment bill.

The proclaiming of the league was the subject of excited discussion in the lobbies of Parliament this evening. The Irish-Americans assert that the government is unjust and imprudent in proclaiming the league. The Parnellites say that the government wishes to create trouble and outrage in Ireland during the coming winter; that the proclamation will force the extremest measures of the league to the front; that the government will shortly bitterly repent its action. All important documents of the leagues have been removed from headquarters in Dublin.

Newspapers Giving Vent to Their Adverse Criticism.

LON